

THE WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

25th Year. No. 44

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, AUGUST 14, 1909.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

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THIS IS AN EVENT THAT WILL HAPPEN TO THOUSANDS WHO INDULGE IN PROCRASTINATION, OR THE PUTTING OFF OF THEIR SOUL'S SALVATION. READER, WHAT ABOUT YOU? ENTER THE SECURE POSITION OF SALVATION AND THEN YOU WILL BE SAFE FROM HARM. OTHERWISE, WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT, ETERNAL DOOM WILL CLAIM YOU FOR ITS OWN. REPENT AND BE CONVERTED NOW.

A VISIT TO JAPAN.

Written by Brigadier Margaret Allen.

This is a Fascinating Article, Packed with Interesting Facts and Stirring Stories.

JAPAN is reached from Java by taking steamer to Singapore, transshipping to Hong-Kong, and thence sailing for Nagasaki.

This wonderful mountainous country comprises four large islands, and more than 2,600 small ones. Its entire area, exclusive of Formosa, is about equal to that of Great Britain and Ireland, but its curious formation can best be understood by remembering that it is 1,500 miles long, and only from 100 to 200 miles wide.

It is a notable fact that civilization—brought by the Chinese—has flourished in Japan for more than 1,500 years; for, as a graphic writer puts it, "While our forefathers in Northern Europe roamed the forests as wild men, and dressed in skins, the Chinese were living quietly in cities and towns, dressed in silks. Systematic method of agriculture, the art of printing, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass were all known and used (by the Chinese) long before the Dark Ages of Europe." The natives of Japan, always an adaptive and progressive people, absorbed the civilization of their neighbor nation, just as to-day they are readily absorbing that of Europe and America.

The mountainous character of the country naturally interferes greatly with its cultivation, hardly 12 per cent. of its total area being given up to agriculture. Owing to this peculiarity, you see the sides of the hills cut into terraces, so that the crops and vegetables appear to be growing upon gigantic stairways.

Small Farms and Women Workers.

You will notice, too, how very small are the farms. The women work them by the side of their husbands, dressed almost alike, in a robe of blue cotton; and as their hair is arranged in similar knots to those of the men, and both wear rough straw hats for the sun, it is difficult at first glance to tell the one from the other.

You will find little pasture-land here, and consequently very few sheep. You get, however, what England cannot produce—the wonderful living green of growing rice. One-half of all the land cultivated in Japan is laid out in rice-fields, and the rice-plant plays a very important part in Japanese life. The staple food of the country is rice, boiled in water—though that statement must not be supposed to mean that the natives eat nothing else. From this plant the best Japanese paper is made, the best paste, and drink as well as food; while the straw furnishes a variety of articles, from the straw coat which the workman wears when it rains, to the very roof-thatch of his little home.

A Japanese house is built on the simplest possible lines. The roof is supported by four posts, and the four walls are formed of sliding shutters of wood and paper—the inside partitions are of similar material, and can be put up at night and taken down in the morning. As the people generally sit upon the floor, chairs are unnecessary. The ordinary bedstead, too, is unknown, and padded quilts are the only bedding used.

Now we are in sight of Kobe—flat enough at the water's edge; but behind the town note how abruptly those mountains rise! Their clothing of low pine trees and thick shrubbery adds to their beauty, as a glance to your left, where the mountains are almost entirely bare, will assure you.

Healthiest Town in Japan.

Kobe was formerly a foreign settlement; but it is a typical Japanese town, and the climate is the healthiest to be found in the Empire. Its streets are broad and clean, are kept in good repair, and made beautiful by the drooping grace of pepper-trees.

The Salvation Army Hall was formerly a restaurant. You will notice that it is fitted with seats, instead of the usual thick primrose matting—quite a European innovation, but evidently preferred by the people, who can enter and leave as they wish, without the trouble of putting off and on their shoes.

To this Corps there one day came a visitor from a neighboring island. He stood near the Open-Air ring, watching the Officers selling books and "Crys." He bought "Aggressive Christianity," and on his way back to the island read page after page of it. He was deeply convicted, and yielded his heart to God as he sat on board.

When he landed, he made straight for a little hill, on the top of which was a temple. There he laid down the book in front of him, and gave himself solemnly to God upon the spot made sacred to him by the custom of worship. Then he went happily down to his house, called in a neighbor, and read to him his precious book. Hearing what was going on, more came to hear, and he read on. Still more came, until the house, proving too small, the sliding panels were slipped out and the back-yard was found to be full of would-be listeners.

Teach Us How to Pray.

When at last he ceased, the audience said, "Now, teach us how to pray."

"I fear I cannot teach anybody," said he. "I have only learned for myself to-day. Would it please you to kneel down and repeat what I said? That prayer was answered."

Many of them knelt instantly, and repeated after him the simple words by which he had himself come to God. Seventeen Converts were made that day.

Again the leader came to the mainland for advice and direction, taking back with him seventeen copies of the Articles of War for his Converts to sign.

"You have a Flag," said he. And when told what it signified, said, "We, too, will have a Flag. Now we want an Officer to come and teach us the ways of God."

The Japanese Soldiers make capital "fishers" in a prayer meeting. Their personal dealing is very thorough, and remarkably patient.

Our Sailors' Home.

We must not leave Kobe without a look at the Sailors' Home. This building was originally in the hands of the Mission to Seamen, and had a resident chaplain. He left, however, and The Salvation Army was asked to take it over. At that time there was only accommodation for six men, and meals were served from a restaurant outside. Now we can accommodate sixty, and meals are cooked in the Home. There are large reading and dining-rooms, and whenever the Fleet is in the men flock hither with manifest enjoyment.

It was in Kobe, you remember, that The General saw 300 seekers of Salvation during his Sunday meetings—a truly wonderful break.

An Imperial Welcome.

The journey from Osaka to Yokohama can be effected by rail or boat. Travelling by rail, we pass through Kyoto, where the real *real* of Japan is still to be found. It is a significant fact that, in order to give The General a fitting welcome to this ancient city, its municipality closed a great exhibition then being held, and allowed a temporary building for his meetings to be erected in the exhibition grounds.

We also pass through Nagoya, in which we have an interesting Corps at work, in spite of its being a strong Buddhist centre. The General addressed 2,000 people in the Nagoya Theatre, the Governor of the Province taking the chair.

Yokohama is a strong naval base, and, therefore, has its Salvation Army Naval Home, the Officers of which can tell us some rapidly interesting stories of sailors' Salvation. There are two Corps here which we might visit, had we time, but this being a foreign settlement, and therefore less interesting to a European mind, we will press on to Tokio, a matter of half an hour in a train of English style.

That new and imposing building—upon the main street, as you see—is our Headquarters. On the occasion of The General's arrival all these streets were decorated in his honor, and 25,000 people turned out to bid him welcome, headed by the Governor and the civic authorities.

The Imperial Palace.

It will give you a clearer idea of the size and importance of this city to note that the secluded area, in the midst of which stands the great Imperial Palace, is some miles in circumference. It is surrounded by a deep moat, whose clear waters run between banks of smooth green grass, edged upon the city side with Japanese willows, through which one sees the pine-covered land on the opposite bank. As ordinary mortals, we cannot be permitted to see more; but our beloved General was conducted within the charmed circle, and presented to the Emperor by the British Charge d'Affaires.

The audience chamber in which the interview took place is of red lacquer and gold. Pictures of flowers upon silk fill the sunken panels of the ceiling. It was by no means a demonstrative ceremony, for Japanese Court etiquette requires that conversation shall be carried in so low a tone as to be practically whispered. The Emperor, however, expressed his appreciation of the efforts of The Salvation Army on behalf of charity.

It was characteristic of The General to proceed straight from the Imperial Palace to the workhouse, and we who know him so well, do not doubt that he more truly enjoyed the latter visit, as giving him the opportunity to address about 1,000 inmates. After this he attended a conference of nobles and representatives of the Government, to discuss with them the adoption of methods for the suppression of certain forms of Western vice. Later still, he sanctioned plans for a travelling hospital for the poor, towards the maintenance of which a lady has promised £8,650, while a further £2,000 was promised later on.

(To be concluded next week.)

PACIFIC PARAGRAPHS.

A TRIBUTE
TO THE LATE CAPTAIN LUCY
HORWOOD.

By Her Provincial Officer.

A message from Fernie necessitated immediate departure from Vancouver. Staff-Captain Wakefield was our traveling companion, who, on hearing the sad news concerning the late Captain Lucy Horwood, left the train at Calgary and journeyed with us into the Kootenays. Staff-Captain Coombs, of Calgary, a near friend of the deceased, also came on to Fernie, and his kindly assistance was greatly prized.

It was late when we reached our destination, after fifty-one hours travel from the coast. With sad hearts we met Ensign Nellie Horwood, whose arrival had preceded ours a short time. Her sister had gone home before she could reach her. As another writer has already forwarded particulars to the Cry relating to the promotion to Glory and funeral services, we will not say more.

The C. P. R. flyer was delayed several hours on account of an accident further down the line. Mrs. Morris and I travelled with Ensign Horwood and the casket containing the remains of Captain Lucy Horwood. At 5 a.m. the following morning we parted, leaving Staff-Captain Wakefield to travel as far as Winnipeg with the grief-stricken sister, where Brigadier Burditt has kindly arranged an escort further East.

Captain Adams was asleep when we bombarded his big front door, and utilized his new front door bell until we brought his cheerful face in view. We found the Quarters intact, although, due to the theatre collapsing next door, the south wall of the Citadel was broken down and the building greatly injured. Though deeply concerned, the Captain was not dismayed, and urged going in for a new building immediately. We met the Soldiers at night, and had a real blessed meeting and council. Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Rosalie royally entertained us.

Leaving Lethbridge at noon, we travelled until midnight to Cranbrook. Captain Davidson and Lieutenant Myers, with several beautifully-spirited Soldiers met us. The following day we inspected a likely property for Hall and Quarters. Had a splendid little open-air with a nice company of Soldiers. Cranbrook is certainly looking up as far as the S. A. is concerned. An inspiring meeting followed in the stately Hall and swelling heat.

The next day our faces turned towards Nelson, when after a rail and boat journey, our destination was reached. Adjutant Gosling was at the wharf to greet us. The open-air Saturday was cheering. We gained the attention of a large crowd. Indeed, one young man volunteered out to the penitent-form.

Sunday's meetings began with knee-drill at 7 a.m. The Soldiers rendered willing and able assistance all day. The memorial service of Captain Lucy Horwood was well attended and very impressive. The flag carried a white streamer, and the white ribbons on the sleeves of the Officers paid respect to our promoted comrade.

Adjutant and Mrs. Gosling were the essence of kindness during our stay. We were sorry to see Mrs. Gosling so ill. We parted from them at 9 a.m. on Monday, moving for Rossland.

Among the last words of the Captain were: "I have done what I could; I have no regrets." Captain Lucy Horwood did what she could. She was a faithful and efficient Officer, one on whom I could always rely, and who never caused me any misgiving or anxiety concerning either herself or her work. As to her



This group represent the Junior Workers of the Fernie Corps. The middle figure in the front row is that of the late Captain Lucy Horwood. The picture was taken on Tuesday, July 12th, and on Sunday, 18th, the dear Captain was in Glory.

Influence in Fernie, or the grand soul-saving work she carried on there, the citizens of the city who turned out in such great numbers at the funeral service and march, and the brothers who acted as pall-bearers and who were enrolled during her term as the Commanding Officer, bore eloquent testimony.

The reporter who had attended the funeral service, and afterward scribbled a few notes on the outside wall of the S. A. Citadel, voiced the general feeling: "She was a noble woman, and Fernie will never forget her. She is dead, but her influence for good will live on and on."

The Officers and Soldiers of the Pacific Province will miss her, and I voice their feelings. They have sus-

tained a great loss, and their prayers for the bereaved are ascending even as I write, that God may comfort and uphold them.

What a shock it was! A telegraphic message on Friday. On Saturday we were speeding towards Fernie. Sunday, at 3 p.m., she had passed away. We were convulsed with grief to see on our arrival, the earthly remains in a casket, of one to whom this promotion to Glory had come so suddenly, and to look upon Ensign Nellie Horwood, her sister, now sorrowing, but greatly upheld by God. It was all overwhelming sad.

Captain Lucy Horwood was ready. Sensible to the last moment, she talked over and arranged the last details in connection with the Corps, and through the brief illness of less than three days after the accident, her only concern was "others."

She has gone home—promoted to the ranks above. Volunteers to follow in her steps as Officers have already been forthcoming from those who have watched this holy, useful life. It would seem hard for the War to spare so useful an Officer, but He who doeth all things well, will care for His work, and we who are spared must march on with greater speed and work while it is day, for the night cometh.—Major F. Morris.

ADVENTURES OF A BOOK.

An interesting relic came into the hands of The General during his Field Officers' Councils at Manchester a few days ago, says the English Cry.

While overhauling a pile of books exhibited for sale outside a second-hand bookshop in Liverpool, an Officer recently espied among a boxful, marked "One penny each," a copy of "Squire Brooke's Memorials," which bore the following inscription on the fly-leaf:—

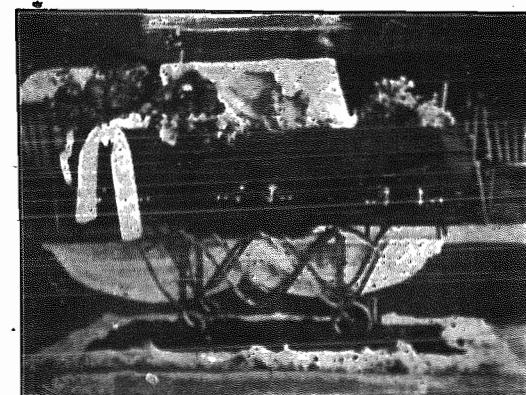
William Booth, 3 Gore Road.
Victoria Park Road.
London, E.

May 1873.

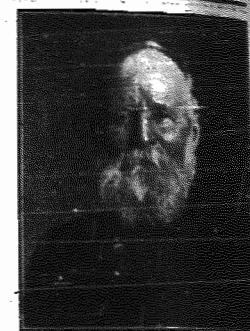
From Henry Reed, Esq.
Dunorlan, Tunbridge Wells.

Though inscribed nearly forty years ago, it was still bold and clear, and undoubtedly in The General's handwriting; and the Officer, having paid his penny, walked off in triumph with his prize.

He took it with him to the Councils at Manchester, and handed it to Colonel Lawley for The General.



The casket in the Fernie Hall containing the remains of Captain Lucy Horwood. These pictures were sent to us by Bro. Edwin Brown, a Salvation soldier. By the help of God, he hopes to meet her in Heaven.



Father Miles, of Barrie,

Who, on July 22, celebrated his 26th birthday. He collected \$36 for the last self-denial effort, and sent 2,000 War Cry per year.

Treasurer Stapleton, who is nearing seventy, collected \$23 for \$1. In these two old veterans, Barrie has two tried and tested Salvations, who have fought under the colors for the past 25 years, and who look forward to being buried under the folds of the "yellow, red and blue."

who, in acknowledgement, sent the Officer an autograph photo of himself.

The history of the volume is as follows:—

Mr. Henry Reed, who resided at Tunbridge Wells and was one of the earliest friends of The Army, presented The General with this book, which was afterwards lent to somebody. The General forgot who. The book was never returned, and was not heard of until purchased in the manner described.

The donor of the book removed many years ago to Tasmania, where he died. Mrs. Reed is still alive and when our Leader, during his last Australian Campaign, in 1905, visited Launceston, in Tasmania, he stayed with her.

Mr. Reed's daughter, it is interesting to note, is the wife of the Rev. Harry Guinness.

WEDDING AND WELCOMES AT LISGAR STREET.

Lieut-Colonel Gaskin Performs the Ceremony.

We have just welcomed our Officers, Ensign and Mrs. Trickey, back to Lisgar Street from their short honeymoon. Also, a number of old friends and comrades have come this way again. Mrs. Staff-Captain Hale, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Barrows, of the United States, Brother and Sister Lewis, of Montreal, and others. The latter are taking up their residence at old Lisgar again. On Thursday a man came and left his burden of sin at the cross. On Saturday Lieut-Colonel Gaskin officiated at the wedding of Bandsman H. Cunliffe and Sister Degney, who were supported by Deputy-Bandsman A. Dobey and Sister V. Thornton. Notwithstanding the rain, a big crowd was present. After the knot was securely tied some neat little speeches were made by the best man, by the Bandsman, and the bride. The Band enlivened the proceedings with choice music, and then the Colonel gave some sound advice, go to married and single. On Sunday afternoon the child of Brother Milner (Assistant Y. P. B. Secretary), and Mrs. Milner, was dedicated to God and The Army. The night meeting was conducted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Barrows. One young man claimed deliverance.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.



The New Shah of Persia.

Airship Crosses English Channel.

Thefeat of crossing the English Channel in a flying machine has been successfully accomplished by a Frenchman, named Bleriot. He made the passage in less than half an hour, twice as swiftly as the fastest mail-horse. His speed averaged more than forty-five miles an hour, sometimes it approximated sixty miles. He kept about 250 feet above the sea level, and for ten minutes, while about mid-channel, was out of sight of both coasts and the French torpedo boat destroyers which followed him, with his wife and friends aboard.

The wind was blowing about twenty miles an hour, and the sea was choppy.

There is great rejoicing over this triumph both in England and France, and numerous honours and medals await the daring aviator.

Crete Under Greek Flag.

The Greek flag now flies over the Island of Crete, and the international troops have been withdrawn. The powers have promised Turkey to protect her rights, and the outcome of the Cretans' action is awaited with some concern.

After more than seventy years of almost continuous insurrection, the four powers—Great Britain, Russia, France, and Italy—intervened in Cretan affairs, and in 1898 constituted the Island, with the adjacent islets, an autonomous state under a high commissioner of the powers, subject to the suzerainty of Turkey, but paying, however, no tribute to that country. Since August 14, 1906, the right of the King of Greece to propose the high commissioner has been recognized by the protecting powers, under whose sanction Greek officers have taken over the direction of the gendarmerie and militia. In May, 1908, the powers decided to gradually withdraw their international troops from the Island, and when the fact was announced Crete declared for union with Greece, and public feeling became intense.

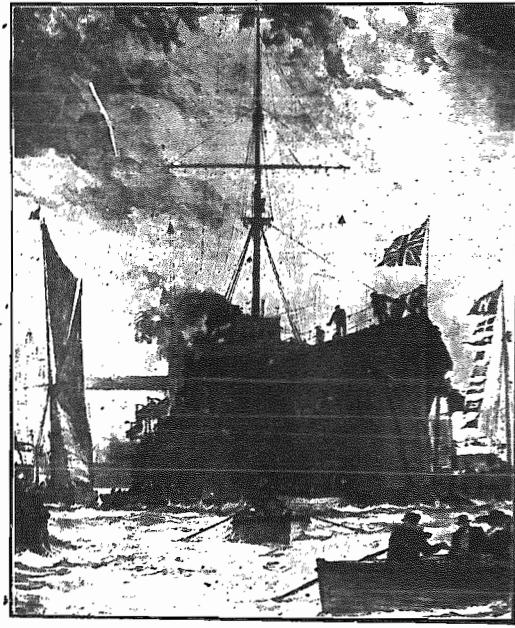
It is to be hoped that the latest developments of the situation will not lead to an outbreak of war.

Revolution in Spain.

A serious state of affairs exists in Spain.

The Catalans, ever turbulent and ready for revolution, have seized the opportunity afforded by the Spanish reverses in the campaign against the Moors to rise against the Government of the Castilian döis, and Spain is in the throes of a revolution.

Much fighting has taken place, and



Warships and Commerce.—One of Britain's Warships Off the Tower of London.

hundreds of revolutionists have been killed. The news concerning the fate of the Spanish army in Morocco is alarming.

At the outskirts of Melilla the Spanish arms have suffered a serious check. Three thousand soldiers have either been slain or wounded, and the Moorish hordes are fighting at the very walls of the city itself.

The Moorish forces have been strengthened by the arrival of 5,000 additional tribesmen, and the official judgment that 75,000 Spanish troops are needed to overcome the tribesmen, would indicate that the Melilla army of Spain is in sore straits.

A Moorish army is marching on Alpujarras, and a warship has been speedily despatched from Melilla to aid the garrison there.

The Protection of Animals.

An international congress, having as its object the protection of animal life, was recently held in London, Eng. Papers were read bearing on cruelty in sport, bird protection, the sealing traffic, and vivisection. Mr. Ernest Bell, in reading his paper on "Bird Caging and Bird Catching," said that the evil of bird-caging was a crying one, involving the life-long misery or death under painful conditions of millions of harmless and naturally happy little beings. That singing was necessarily a sign of happiness was a fallacy. The bird-cager was the person who was really responsible for the trade and for the destruction of our charming birds. Mr. Bell asked all to help to put an end to the cruel and selfish practice by declining to keep any birds, whether large or small, in cages.

In the medical anti-vivisection section, Dr. A. Bowle, who presided, said that most of them were attracted to the question by moral considerations, but it could be proved that very little of consequence was derived from vivisection, and that little could have been derived by altogether unobjectionable methods. Dr. Stenson Hooker said that vivisection was a bar to medical progress; it had had its trial and been found wanting.

At St. John's Church, Westminster, on Sunday morning, Archdeacon Wilberforce said that much unnecessary pain was caused by cold-blooded cruelty, the motive for which was so

called sport, amusement, dress decoration, gluttony, or scientific inquisitiveness. Evidence was accumulating every day that severe suffering was inflicted on the human race by the erroneous conclusions drawn from experiments on animals. The anti-vivisectionists were in favour of public exhibitions of performing animals, who were mostly trained by merciless methods and performed ridiculous antics which were an insult to common-sense.

John Wesley.

In reviewing a new book on Methodism, the *Times* says: "The figure of Wesley stands out in history, even as it does in the canvas of Romney, with a certain radiance and refinement, with superb force and discipline of soul, with a union of tireless enthusiasm, and cool, clear intellect and supreme business faculty. He who had the temper of the early Christian martyrs could face untroubled furious mobs and in the end master them, and then sit down to plan with admirable lucidity a financial scheme or settle a deed which afterwards stood the test of litigation in the Court of Chancery. A fierce flame burnt in a case of steel. The apostle's zeal was controlled by a brain which might have been that of a great general or financier. Those who jeered at his fanaticism would have been no match for him in diplomacy or the work of organization. In the direction of all the very best of the matter he had, some of his letters read like extracts from Napoleon's correspondence. He reminds one of General Booth at one time only to recall at another, with his hair of "noisy thoughts," some monk who had walked with St. Bernard. We are grateful to the authors of these interesting volumes for retailing the story of a career which would have been deemed miraculous had the scene of it been laid in the first fourteen centuries of Christianity."

More Warships to be Built.

After three years of faithful effort to restrain international armaments, during which time Germany had laid down eleven large armored ships to Britain's eight, Britain has come to the conclusion that the peace talk has become too one-sided. Follow-



The Shah of Persia, recently Deposed

ing Mr. McKenna's announcement that four new warships are to be laid down in April, to be completed in 1912, Mr. Asquith assured the House that the step had been taken in no spirit of aggression, but because the anxious deliberation of the past month had forced the Government to conclude that such action was the only one they could with honesty ask Parliament to accept.

Camels Are Delicate Animals.

Contrary to the widespread but erroneous opinion, the camel is a very delicate animal. A camel that has worked fifteen days in succession needs a month's pasturage to recuperate. It is liable to a host of ailments and accidents. When a caravan crosses a sebkha, a dry salt lake, it is rare that some of the animals do not break a leg. If the fracture is in the upper part of the limb there is nothing for it but to slaughter the animal and retail its flesh as butcher's meat. If the lower part of the limb has been injured the bone is set and held in position by means of splints made of palm branches which are bound with small cords. If no complications result the limb of a camel is reduced. When it is a case of simple dislocation the injured part is cauterized with a red hot iron, then coated with clay and bandaged with a strip of cloth. Fifteen days after ward the animal is generally cured.

Say Nothing But Codfish.

An interesting and quaint story is told of a Boston codfish dealer, a very earnest and sincere man, who lived prayerfully every day. One of the great joys of his life was the family worship hour. One year two other merchants persuaded him to go into a deal with them, by which they could control all the codfish in the market, and greatly increase the price. The plan was succeeding well, when this good old man learned that many poor persons in Boston were suffering because of the great advance in the price of codfish. It troubled him so that he broke down in trying to pray at the family alter, and went straight to the men who had put him into the plot, and told them he could not go on with it. Said the old man: "I can't afford to do anything which interferes with my family prayers. And this morning, when I got down on my knees and tried to pray, there was a mountain of codfish before me, high enough to shut out the throne of God and I could not pray. I tried my best to get around it, or get over it, but every time I started to pray that codfish loomed up between me and my God. I wouldn't have my family prayers spoiled for all the codfish in the Atlantic Ocean, and I shall have nothing more to do with it, or with any money made out of it."

The Spirit of God guides no sinning soul back to God except in the path of confession and reparation.

Band Chat.

The Temple Band has given a hearty welcome to Bandsman Harnley, son of Adj't. Harpley, who recently came to this Dominion. He plays a baritone.

Chatham Band, Ont.—We have welcomed three more Band boys, Bro. Smith, late Bandmaster of Woodstock; of Bros. Skeritt, of Hayward, of St. Thomas. The following changes have been made: Bro. Wiss, from double BB to 6 trombones (this is a new addition to the Band), and now we have a quartet of trombones; Bro. Dix, from first baritone to double BB; Bro. Smith has taken up first baritone; Bro. Carter, second tenor to second corner; Bro. Croucher, second corner to first corner; Bro. Hayward, first tenor, and Bro. Skeritt, first corner. The Band is in a good spiritual condition, and that is the keynote of our success. Bandmaster Dunkley is always sure of a good Band, every time. His hopes are high that Chatham will yet have an Al Band. We have openings for Bandsmen who are willing to work as unskilled hands, machinists, also for an outside fittersmith.—E. H.

We note by the latest Australian Cry that some person evidently very hard up, has stolen the bass drum of the Melbourne City Corps. Whether the culprit wanted to take up a collection, no one knows, but the paragraph advises the immediate return of the drum, "when he will bear of something to his advantage."

Major Miller, who has just returned from a tour in the West, expresses very favourable opinions regarding the Bands in that part of the country. The Winnipeg L. Band, he says, could compare with any of our Army Bands. It is a fine combination. Calgary, Saskatoon, Brandon, and Moosejaw have Bands worthy of any Corps.

Moosejaw Band is being reinforced from the Old Land. Fort William is soon to have a Band. The Comrades are enthusiastic over the plans, and any Bandsmen locating there could be provided with work.

The Territorial Y. P. Band was present at the opening of Rivière-du-Loup on Friday, July 20th, and rendered a good programme of music. The "War Cry" and "Singing" Light marches, "Hark, the Voice," selection, and a slide concert solo were among the items played. The Band is in quite frequent demand already.

Music Competition.

Open to Musical Salvationists Throughout the World.

People interested to know that, in accordance with the announcement made last year, the Chief of the Staff has approved a Competition for Band Selections to be held during the current year.

As on previous occasions, the Musical Board at International Headquarters will adjudicate on the selections sent in, and cash prizes, accompanied by Certificates of Merit, will be awarded as follows:

First Prize, £22.5.

Second Prize, £11.6.

A Certificate of Merit will be given to the competitor taking the third place. There will be a competition on this year for either Marches or Vocal pieces.

The Competition will be open to Salvationists of all ranks in every land, excepting persons who are employed by The Army in composing or editing music.

The selections submitted must be received in London between September 1st and 15th. Full particulars, together with conditions and Form of entry, may be obtained from the Secretary, Musical Board, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

Intending competitors are urged to make immediate application, so that they may understand exactly what the conditions of the Competition are before they commence their work.

Alec MacBride, "Born Drunk"

The Striking Story of a Dipsomaniac.



LL THOSE acquainted with the subject of my sketch, Alec MacBride, were agreed on the following points: He was the most profane man, the hardest drinker, and the most neglectful of his family of any man on that railroad. Each month \$40.00 of his earnings would find its way into the different saloons he frequented. Those who knew him said that only one of two things could possibly happen to Alec—he would either get discharged from the Company's service, and die in a ditch, or he would get killed on his engine.

How he had held his position so long without meeting with an accident was a mystery, for he was never quite free from the influence of drink, and he had been driving an engine for twenty years. Some people went so far as to nickname him "Born Drunk," and no one seemed to entertain the faintest hope that he could ever be a reformed character.

One day two men might have been seen engaged in earnest conversation. One of them was the Salvation Army Officer and the other was a Soldier of the Corps, the latter was also employed by the same company as Alec, and was it's near neighbor.

"Have you ever visited Alec MacBride," Captain said to the Soldier—for the Officer had but lately come into the neighborhood.

"I have not yet met him. Is there any particular reason why I should?" asked the Officer.

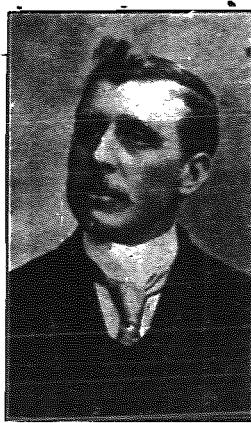
"Yes, for he is certainly the worst man, taking him all round, that I have ever known, although he is one of the best engineers that work on the road."

"Well, I will certainly pay him a visit, and see if we cannot, by the grace of God, get him to lead a new life."

A short time after this brief conversation Alec sat on the doorstep of the wretched one-storey house he called home. His face was bloated and swollen, his eyes were bloodshot, and in every respect he was a disreputable-looking man. The Army Captain, passing by, saw him, and going up to the drunkard offered him his hand, but the bear-eyed man did not desire to form an acquaintance. The Captain invited him to attend the meetings.

"What? Me go to the Salvation Army? Why?" he said, "I should start swearing as soon as I got there. I have never lived an hour of my life since I could talk without swearing. No religion for me."

"Well, never mind about your



Alec McBride.

A Trophy of God's Grace.

swearing, Mr. MacBride; you come along and bring your family with you, and if you feel like swearing—well, just swear."

"Oh, if you take it that way I will come," said Alec, and on the Sunday night Mr. MacBride, his wife, and little girl, entered the Army Hall.

Needless to say, their entrance created a sensation. It was a painful experience for Alec, who felt so wretched and out of place. Every one in the Hall seemed to be looking at him, and he afterwards said, that the Captain and Soldiers talked right at him. He was very glad when the meeting was over, and he could get away. It was impossible to get him to repeat his visit. He drank harder, and was more profane. It possible, "man over, and forbade his wife and child to go to any sort of religious services. Six months passed away, and in spite of the most determined efforts the Captain and his friends had failed to get Alec to attend the meetings again.

But God has His own ways of working, and, one Sunday night, as he sat in his wretched home and saw the happy throngs of people going to the different places of worship, something seemed to speak to him. He grew uncomfortable, and then, before he realized actually what he was doing, he called out to his wife and

said, "Do you want to go to the Salvation Army? If you do, take your clothes and I will go with you. She needed no second invitation, although the words thrilled her with surprise.

When they arrived at the Salvation Army Hall they found it so well packed that there was only room on the front benches. The meeting was a very powerful one, and Alec was so deeply stirred that, without any special or personal interview, he arose from his seat and knelt down at the penitent form. His wife and child immediately followed his example, and the three knelt side by side. He cried most earnestly to Almighty God for mercy and for a change of heart. When he had the consciousness that God had heard his prayer he arose from his knees, and facing the crowded Hall, his face illumined with a light of a new hope, he said: "The wonder of wonders to me is that God can save a great big sinner like I have been." Then the wife also testified that God had saved her. The little girl could not speak for the sobs that choked her utterance, but the look on her dear little face was sufficient to inform those around that the little child had knelt at the feet of Jesus. The audience was deeply moved, and there was not a dry eye in the place. Others followed the example of Alec and his family.

There was, of course, many remarks made about Alec's salvation. Some said it was excitement, and would soon wear off; others that it was another form of diction reform; while others, of course, knew that it was the work of the Spirit of God.

There could be no doubt about the change that had taken place in the heart of Alec. The saloons saw him no more; no longer did blasphemous and earth pass his lips.

That change took place eighteen years ago, and Alec has been found faithful through all those years; from that time to the present he has never touched a drop of liquor, but has helped many a weaker brother to resist the tempter.

He no longer lives in the little unpainted shack, so poorly furnished, but has his own pleasant home on a corner lot. He has all he needs in this world, and some to spare for other less fortunate ones. His daughter has been called Home to the Eternal Shores, but in spite of this sorrow he is a happy, useful man, beloved by all; and is a striking evidence of the power and reality of the salvation of God.

—Chas. W. Moore

OFFICERS FAREWELL FROM WINNIPEG No. II.

Winnipeg No.—We regret that we have had to say goodbye to our beloved Officers, Ensign Sheppard and Captain McLean. The farewell meeting was conducted by Mrs. Sub-Captain McLean. A man found Jesus at the close. Since the Officers have been in our midst we have received many blessings, and much good has been done in the Corps and District.

Montreal No.—We are running two operatic Brigades now. Only one Sunday has passed without someone seeking God. The Captain thinks this Corps would be hard to beat. Adjutant Orchard recently paid us a visit.

We were distressed to hear that on Friday, the husband of one of our Soldiers had been killed by an electric shock. Captain Turner conducted the funeral service on Monday.

Two recently formed Bible classes are working well.—C.C.

The very fact of your existence compels you to stand out for good or evil. There may be room for difference between the two, but only indifference can tend to discourage, degrade and lower, and consequently it must be evil.



The Three Knelt Side by Side.

Promotion to Glory ASSURANCE KILLS DOUBT.

The Beautiful Life of an Invalid Girl.

It was on Tuesday night, July 27th, when Major Mrs. Simco finished a revival campaign at London, Ont., and on arriving at her billet, found a telegraphic message from Toronto awaiting her. It was to the effect that her daughter had been seized with a fit, to which she was at times subject, and was not expected to live long. The Major, together with Captain Crocker, her assistant, hurriedly packed her campaign equipments, and by the 3:45 a.m. train, came to Toronto.

Although in great pain, Ruthie recognized her mother's voice as she entered the sick-room, and the Major, seeing this was so, knelt at her side and sang her favourite chorus:

Ever near to bless and cheer.

In the darkest hour;

When I'm tempted;

I can feel His power.

At His side, I'll abide,

Never more to roam,

Till at last, fighting past,

He'll take me home.

At the fifth line the Major paused, because Ruthie had her own little way of singing that particular line.

"Never more to—" her mother began, and Ruthie faintly smiled and uttered the one word, "part." The word "roam" did not seem binding enough to Ruthie.

On Thursday a doctor was called, and he expressed the probability that she would recover, but the ray of hope which this news brought was soon to be overshadowed.

Reggie (Ruthie's brother) was about to go to the Y. P. Band practice on Thursday evening, and as he lightly skipped down the stairs, he cried in a true school-boy way: "So long, Ruthie." He paused a few seconds, and then heard the faint reply, "So—Lo—ng, R-e-g-gie!"

Those were Ruthie's last words spoken on this earth. From that time on she became unconscious, and early on the following Tuesday morning, sank rapidly. Major Simco, Mrs. Brigadier Morris and Mrs. Staff-Capt. Morris, Captain Raven (who was Ruthie's nurse for many years), and one or two others, assembled in the room. Later on in the morning, at ten o'clock, the spirit took its flight.

Ruth Adelaide Simco was born in England twenty-four years ago. While quite a baby in arms, her mother was appointed to the Balaclava Field, where troublesome times were witnessed.

"Often had I he'd an umbrella over my baby's head, while sticks and stones were flying all around us," said the Major, "and in the French warfare in Quebec, Ruthie was mercifully spared."

Very early in life did Ruthie seek to know God. Being of a very conscientious character, for any little thing which she felt had either displeased God or her mother, she wanted complete forgiveness, and this she received more than once at an Army penitent form. In her books frequent markings, such as, "Reconciliated myself to God," appear, and it can be safely said that Ruthie's spiritual character was of a very high order. Her little ministry of song—she had a sweet voice, which she accompanied with an auto-

"The Spirit of God beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."—Rom. viii. 16.

BY THE GENERAL.

HAVE sometimes heard people talk about being sure of Heaven. I remember seeing a book with a title of that sort years ago. Although such a certainty may be very desirable, I am not sure that it is possible. Anyway, it is not a common experience.

There is no doubt that a thorough ticket to the New Jerusalem, with an insurance against all risk of breaking down on the way, would be an unspeakably precious boon. It has not, however, been my lot hitherto to meet anyone who had the good fortune to enjoy that privilege.

The reason for this is the fact that being faithful unto death is a condition of final salvation, and such faithfulness is not an absolute certainty. So you must go on in watchfulness and prayer, lest you yield to temptation; and every one who thinketh he standeth must take heed lest he fall.

Certainty of Conversion.

But if you cannot be absolutely certain that your feet will be kept from falling, and that they will ultimately tread the streets of the Eternal City, there are some precious things of which you can be sure. For instance:—

You can be quite sure that you have been converted.

With the great Apostle, you may know for certain that you have passed from darkness to light, from death unto life, from the power of Satan unto God.

That is, you can be sure that there was a time when you went down before God, confessed your sins against Him, submitted yourself to His authority, trusted in your Saviour, received His pardon, and went forth to fight for Him against earth and Hell.

That is a wonderful experience, is it not? I know there are varieties in the way it is brought about. Some of us approach the line which divides the righteous and the wicked more gradually than others, and cross it with different feelings. But about the fact of your having crossed over there ought never to be a doubt. You

harp—was made a blessing to many weary hearts, although she has been practically an invalid for ten years. On one occasion, when her mother, the Major, stood by her bedside, weeping, Ruthie said: "Mother, dear, don't cry; when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." The words brought a wonderful peace to the mother, who says that she really did come forth as gold.

When the Major started on her first campaign in November of last year, Ruth felt the sacrifice of her mother very much. On returning to the home, the Major resolved to put her daughter to a test. "You say you have been so lonesome, dear," she asked. "Well, but the Lord has given me fifty seekers in this, my first, campaign. Would you rather have had mother at home, or that she had gone out and won souls?"

can know that you are saved.

Have you got that assurance? Do you know that the chance has taken place? If not my brother, my sister, get it this very moment.

You can be sure that you are a child of God.

How We May Know.

We used to sing a song—perhaps you sing it to-day—the first verse and the chorus of which run:—

My Father is rich in houses and lands.

He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands;

Or rubies, of diamonds, of silver and gold.

His coffers are full. He has riches untold.

I'm the child of a King.

I'm the child of a King.

With Jesus my Saviour,

I'm the child of a King.

Now, you may be sure that all this

life can, by the abounding grace of God, be lived in a God-pleasing manner.

Wonderful as it may appear, this was the experience that Enoch had. We read that: "Enoch was translated that he not see death; and was not because God had translated him before his translation testimony, that he pleased."

Enoch was probably the large tribe, with a number and serious responsibilities, many of the temptations that ever attend such people by his faith and his by the grace of God, he live and act in such a brought into his soul that his ways pleased God.

Uncertainty Means Misery.

Now, all these things are very things to be sure about. But are very awkward things to be certain about. Doubts about spoil happiness, make us lose the ability for duty, and future fear and cowardice.

You must seek and find this assurance if you have not it to it already, and if you found it you must hold on to it, not lose it or sell it for a world.

VICTORY AT NANAIMO.

During the past week three souls sought pardon. Saturday, July 24th, we welcomed to our Corps Lieut. Stride and his cornet, from Training College; also a poor slave who had been a Salvatorian in New Zealand, and who, seeing the Captain going through the salutes taking up the offering, followed him to the Citadel. He came to the mercy seat.

On Sunday night, after a hard day's battle, a man followed the O.R.S. to their house, and sought God's pardon in the Quarter—G.B.R.P.S.

A wanderer returned to God Farmer's Arm on Sunday. It was a splendid day—W. J. C.

By this, I mean that you may know that the way you think in your mind and feel in your heart, and act in your daily life, are all pleasing to God.

You see, He knows all about your circumstances and your conduct, both inward and outward. The Psalmist describes this knowledge in a remarkable way:—

"Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?"

"If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in Hell, behold, Thou art there."

"If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea;

"Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

"If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me."

"Yea, the darkness is not dark from Thee; but the light as the day."

That knowledge embraces ins and outs of your daily existence; it includes your private that at your meetings; in short, all you think, or feel, or say, or do night and by day. Well may Psalmist say, "Such knowledge is wonderful for me."

Now, you may be sure that all this life can, by the abounding grace of God, be lived in a God-pleasing manner.

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the Hamilton Rescue Home.

How it Impressed a Journalist who Visited such an Institution for the first time.

(From the Hamilton Spectator.)

THE day was perfect. Nature at all times is beautiful, but on a mid-summer day, when each tree hangs heavy in full leaf, each garden plot a mass of bloom, scent and colour, each wind that fans your cheek perfume-laden, nature is wonderful. The day was perfect; the thought came to my how thankful we should be for the profusion of natural loveliness surrounding us. Surely happiness should only exist in this world. As I walked on I passed a group of little ones at play. Their laughter but made my heart beat the faster, so filled was I with the joy of it all. I could have danced in my gladness to the music of the winds, the song of the birds, to the hushed rustling of the leaves, for surely was not the spirit of happiness everywhere?

¶

It is a large house on Mountain Avenue, and lays well back in a spacious garden. All about spoke of order and cleanliness. As I ascended the steps I glanced above the wide door, and these words met my eyes: Salvation Army Rescue Home.

I had never visited a Rescue Home before, and had but a vague idea what the work was that was carried on therein. I rang the bell and waited. Through an open window came the sound of a baby crying—a frail, peevish cry—and, answering it, I heard a woman's voice, maternal in its tenderness, soft and pleading. What was I going to see inside? Joy, beauty, happiness, as I had seen outside? The spirit within me, attuned as it had been to the music of the winds, grew calm. In the frail cry of the child I caught a note of pain. In the tones of the woman's voice I felt the warmth of love. What should I find inside—pa'n and love? Why do they always go hand in hand? Joy, beauty, and happiness—would they depart from me as I entered? What matter! These things we can do without. We cannot do without love nor the joy that love creates, and as the door opened and I entered, and received the smile of welcome, the handclasp, and the God bless you, I knew the



Ensign Price,

Who has Charge of the Hamilton Rescue Home.

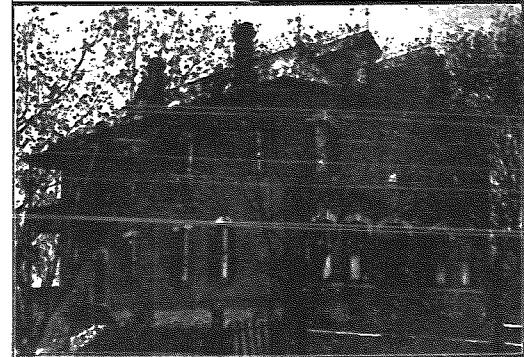
"Tommy, salute the lady." It made me smile the way Tommy did it. I think he will make a very good soldier when he grows up. He can salute and walk like one already, you see; that is a very good beginning; and as for the corner? Well, many grown up people would be better could we put them in a corner now and again. Don't you think so?"

When Tommy had left the room, Ensign Price looked at me. "Would you like to see our babies?"

"Babies! Well, rather. Have you babies here, too?"

"Almost nineteen" was the answer. "Come this way, if you please; I have a wee baby here—our newest baby—that I must show you."

We stood over a tiny crib, and



The Hamilton Rescue Home.

Ensign Price turned the soft white covering back carefully, and I saw the newest baby. Snuggled down in the soft bed he lay, his hands curled up tightly, and fast asleep. "Just two weeks old," she said, "and we want to find a mother for him."

I knelt beside the crib and smoothed the wee pink hand. "Find a mother for him!" Thoughts surged within me. Oh, little soul, how came you here alone, and not wanted, that one must seek a mother for you? The voice of the woman at my side came to me: "So much sin—so much suffering—and these little ones, they must suffer for it." Joy, beauty and happiness? No, not here. But as I watched the face of Ensign Price as she bent over the baby, I knew that love was, and when love watches it also blesses.

¶

Outside, in a large, well-floored tent, we saw the older babies having dinner. They eat their rice, bread and milk with gusto; spoonful after spoonful went down with amazing rapidity. Caring for them were young women, some of them mothers. Upon their faces was no joy, but a dull, calm despair—poor, weak Betty Sorrels every one of them. They looked at me as I said good-bye and stepped out into the sunlight, and I seemed to them, I believe, a woman of another world.

"Do they love their babies?" I asked.

"Love their babies! Oh, my dear, love them? Yes, they do. It is what the world will say that they tremble at. Many of them have taken the burden up bravely, unaided, and the love between mother and child is the one joy of both lives—such as it is."

In another large tent, out in the open, were cribs of all sizes, clean and comfortable. They sleep in the fresh air all summer, and judging from their rosy faces, it is doing them good.

Ensign Price means to go on the outing to Oakdale, taking with her what children she can. Already I am beginning to pray for nice weather. The thought of rain makes me feel desperate. Indeed it does. I want a sunny, warm day, so that the children will be happy—for there are so many children going from each home in the city—children from here and there. Now, perhaps you can understand why I pray for sunshine.

While baby rebels against and even masters reason, and enough men to do things against their better judgment, it does not seem unreasonable to believe in the "will of man."

The General's Visit Postponed.

We have to inform our readers that The General's visit to Canada has been postponed until next year. Circumstances have arisen in other parts of the world's battle-field, which render this postponement desirable. We are, however, full of hope that the promised visit will take place in 1919, and that the Canadian Territory will show our beloved Leader the appreciation it has for his noble life and work. God bless The General!

The Chief Secretary

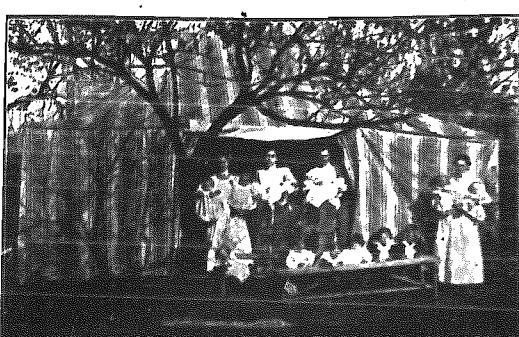
And the Immigration and Financial Secretaries Among the Montreal French.

"Hall Packed to Suffocation."

Colonel Mayr, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Howell and Brigadier Potter, conducted a very special meeting at the French Corps (Montreal B.I.). Our French comrades were more than delighted at having the Chief Secretary to visit their Corps, and the building was packed to suffocation, and the police had to keep the crowd moving outside, so great was the interest.

The Colone' was very much impressed at the way the eager crowd listened to the truths poured out upon them in the open-air. Inside the interest was just as great. Adjutant Cabrit and Rev. Mr. Bruneau gave addresses of welcome in French and English. The Chief Secretary was accorded a very hearty welcome when he rose to speak, and took for his text, "Son, daughter, give me thine heart," relating two very touching incidents, one of a young girl who had got saved and who went to the morgue and looked at those who had died through the effects of sin, and determined that she would face death or anything rather than give up her faith. Another was a lad who had the knife thrust through his heart by his companions because of his stand for Christ.

At the close a poor fellow under the influence of liquor dropped his head in the seat and asked to be prayed for, weeping bitterly, but would not come out to the mercy seat. Although none yielded, yet every one will record that meeting.—Chancellor.



The Babies' Tent at the Hamilton Rescue Home.

The Week-End's Despatches

In Spite of the Hot Weather the Old Chariot Rolls Along.

Some Splendid Reading in These Reports.

BRIGADIER ADBY AT SMITH'S FALLS.

Excellent Meetings and Good Crowds
Brigadier Adby conducted the week-end meetings at **Smith's Falls**, and great interest was manifested by the people in the efforts put forth by our distinguished visitor. The Brigadier's singing on the street attracted very large crowds, and many showed their appreciation in a very practical way.

Good congregations attended the inside meetings, and the purpose and character of these gatherings was at once made known. The power of song was largely employed to get the attention of the people concentrated upon the Gospel truths, and the hearty way they joined in the singing was a true index of its power. This, followed up by the Brigadier's intelligent, straight talks, which could not fail to bless, and many found that the God who was present could indeed help them. The interest evinced in the campaign is a sure sign that the Holy Ghost is working in our midst, and the general feeling is that not only will the Corps be benefited and blessed, but the town at large will, to a certain extent, receive some practical good. The spirit of expectancy displayed in the comrades is admirable.—Corps Correspondent.

ADJANT AND MRS. WALKER FAREWELL

After Valued Service at Galt.

Galt—Adjant and Mrs. Walker conducted their farewell services on Sunday, July 11th. Crowds gathered at outdoor and inside meetings, especially on Sunday evening. Two souls sought salvation. These Officers have been with us nearly two years. During this time they have certainly done valiantly in the Master's service. Targets have been smashed, as many as 1,200 special War Crys been sold, new Corps property secured, and souls have been converted and recruits sworn in. The Adjant has kept in close touch with the surrounding districts—Blair, Ayr, Dumfries, Doon, and Branchton—all of which places speak so highly of his devoted service. Wednesday night was their final farewell.—G. Smart.

SEVENTEEN AND SEVENTY-TWO.

Converts Enrolled at Loo Cove.

Loo Cove, Nfld—On Sunday, July 11th three recruits took their stand under the Flag. The youngest of them was seventeen years of age, the oldest seventy-two. In our night meeting one wandered returned to the fold.—W. H. Miller, Lieutenant.

We have welcomed Captain Biggs to Trenton. Four souls came forward at the close of the holiness meeting on Sunday, July 18th. At night the Captain spoke on the words, "What will you do with Jesus?" One soul came forward and settled the question.—H. H.

PROGRESS AT MOOSEJAW.

How It was Accomplished.

For a year this Corps has been commanded by Adjant and Mrs. McRae, and progress has been made in every branch of the work. Numbers of souls have found salvation, recruits have been made into Soldiers, and Soldiers into Cadets. A splendid Band has been formed, and new instruments purchased. Our Harvest Festival and Self-Denial Targets were completely smashed, and much relief work accomplished. The Adjant has taken great interest in the prisoners, praying with, and obtaining jobs for them. The drunkard was frequently fed and helped at the Quarters. Mrs. McRae was indeed an angel of mercy to many unfortunate girls. She nursed some in her own home, and found honourable employment for others. She befriended a young girl who was on trial for murder, and sat with her for three days in the court. The magistrate said the world needed more such spirits. She will be greatly missed by her music and song, while both will be remembered by what they have done.—Observer.

NEW OFFICERS AT BURK'S FALLS.

Opening Fire at Sundridge.

We have just said good-bye to Captain Lewis and Lieut. Jennings, and welcomed Captain Sydney Cooke to our Corps. Saturday and Sunday we had good times. On Saturday night we had a grand rally and a finish up with two souls for God. All day on Sunday the meetings were successful. The Captain's discourses came with power and conviction to the hearts of many. In the afternoon meeting we had the joy of seeing two more souls at the mercy seat. Rev. Mr. Miller took part in the service. We finished up with four souls for the Captain's first week-end.

On Tuesday we had with us Captain Harvey Lloyd. On Wednesday the Hall was packed to the doors, and on Thursday, when we had a lantern service ("Matt. Stib's Dream"), the Hall was again full.

On Friday Captain's Cooke and Lloyd went to Sundridge to open up the work in that town. We had the Baptist Church for the occasion. Ten comrades promised our Captain to become Soldiers. If the Corps would open up and stay. Praise the Lord. Believing for greater times. Look out for Burks.—Corps Cor. for Capt. Cooke.

Whitbourne (an Outpost from Blaketon, T. B.) was visited by the Officer from the latter place sometime ago, when but two persons could testify to salvation. But things have changed, and now sixteen have that blessed assurance that they are saved, and by the next report we hope to have twenty-two, for an enrollment is to take place. We are believing for a Hall here.

A PLEASANT OCCASION.

Medicine Hat's Tidings.

On Thursday evening, July 15th, a most successful social in aid of the Band was held in The Salvation Army Hall, which was packed to the doors. The programme provided included recitations, drills and exercises by the children, which reflected great credit on performers and teachers. So's were rendered by Brothers Palmer, Simpson and Fitch. A cornet solo by Brother Happy Davis delighted the audience, and selections were rendered by both the String and Brass Bands, much improvement on the part of the Band boys, under Brother Whited, being evident. At the close of the programme, all partook of ice cream and cake. The proceeds will be devoted to procuring new instruments for the Band.

On Sunday night we were favoured with an address by Rev. Mr. Darroch. A deep impression was made on every hearer as the reverend gentleman told of his early life, conversion and personal experience of practical religion that now affords satisfaction even when laid aside by protracted illness of six years standing.

Lieut. Hamilton, of Toronto, also gave us a call.

VISITORS AT THE FALLS.

On Saturday and Sunday, July 17 and 18, we were favoured by a visit from Captains Luggar and Buntion. The beautiful singing and playing of Capt. Luggar attracted large crowds, both at the open-air and the inside meetings; also the very earnest and powerful address of Captain Buntion was much enjoyed by all.

On Sunday night Captain Buntion dedicated to God and The Army the little girl of Brother and Mrs. Galley, and at the close of the meeting one young man surrendered his all to God. We were also pleased to have with us on Wednesday night Captain Pollett, from Guelph. The Captain is also a splendid singer. Two more promising young men have since come to the cross.—C. C. for Capt. Watkinson.

MONCTON'S NEWS.

Moncton, N.B.—Souls are being saved and taking their stand for God. A Sonster's Brigade has been formed, which proves quite an attraction. Moncton people are lovers of music. Ensign Irquhart, assisted by the musicians of the Corps, gave a musical festival, the income being \$27.00.

Our worthy Provincial Secretary, Brigadier Colter, was with us for Sunday, July 25th. The special subjects dealt with and the smiling face of the Brigadier were inspiring.

Captain Murdoch and Lieut. Shaw are Gunnville's two leaders. Both are Bod-and-Fire Officers, as we have already seen. On Thursday night, July 15th, four persons sought salvation, and on Sunday three more claimed pardon.—M. R.

Adjant Habkirk and Captain McGorman visited Berk's Falls recently. Captain Lewis has farewelled. During her stay here many souls were won for God. A number are boldly fighting in our ranks to-day.—Sergeant E. Peirs.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. HURD FAREWELL

After Twelve Months at Montreal

Capt. and Mrs. Hurd have farewelled from Montreal IV. At 2:30 a grand open-air was held, when a large crowd, mostly French, stood around. Three different languages were spoken. Brother J. Rogers spoke French. Lieut. Maines speaking German, and all the rest speaking English.

At 7:30 a great salvation meeting, which was conducted by Staff-Captain Payne and Adjant Dedekind of the Rescue Staff. The Staff-Captain dedicated Sister Gorland's child God, after which the Captain and Adjant dedicated Sister Tracey, who has been a faithful worker in the Corps for the past five months. After this we had a testimony from Mrs. Hurd's friend who, whenever there is a ticket or a special War Cry to sell, is always on hand to do her duty. Adjant Beckstead spoke of the blessing God had made Captain and Mrs. Hurd during their stay in the city.

On Monday night we had a very special meeting, entitled, "Scroobology," the admission to which was a scrubbing pail and a piece of soap in a very short time the Hall was nice and clean.

Tuesday night, June 29th, was our final meeting, when the Rev. W. W. Reid, who is a warm friend of The Army, gave us a lecture on "Bible Horse Riders." Staff-Captain Buntion was chairman. Mrs. Major Reid sang a solo, and Captain Hurd had an encouraging report of the work that had been accomplished during the past year. He also stated that the Junior Work had been commenced, and a new Hall erected—Buster Brown.

COMING AND GOING AT HUNTINGTON VILLE.

Brother and Mrs. Oulds, of Huntington Ville, have been promoted to the rank of Captain, and have left our Corps to take command of Woodwood. These comrades will be greatly missed, as the Captain was a member of the Band. The prayers and best wishes of the Huntington Ville comrades go with them.

Adjant Habkirk and Captain McGorman recently visited the Corps and conducted a well-attended musical meeting. Captain Lloyd's interim service was very much enjoyed; also the visit of Captain Palmer, of the Territorial Headquarters.—C. C.

On July 26th Stellarton town was bombarded by Soldiers and Officers of three Corps—Westville, New Glasgow and Stellarton. Adjant and Mrs. Cameron were in command. Capt. and Mrs. Collins, our new Officers, ably assisted, as did Captain Boyd and Lieut. Pierce. The Club was packed, as a great impression on the people was made.—Sharpshooter.

At Tivolienburg, while the Officers were visiting a dear old woman, she prayed to God for grace to live for Him, and on Sunday night another sister, health in constitution at the mercy seat. The meetings on Sunday were great.

INTERESTING EVENTS AT SASKATOON.

Electrical Lights Installed.

Matters are moving ahead at Saskatoon in a satisfactory manner. The people show their appreciation of The Army's work in a practical manner, as much as sixteen dollars having been given in a week-night collection. One result of this is that the Captain has had the electric light installed, which illuminates the Hall beautifully. Quite a number of souls have also been saved lately.

Amongst the recent happenings has been the farewell of Captain Harris for Winnipeg. She has been on a long rest for her throat, but it appears that it is not yet sufficiently strong for Field service, so she has been appointed to work in the Children's Home at Winnipeg. We wish her every success.

Lieut. Bell has been welcomed as the assistant to Captain Kinsella, our Commanding Officer.

Ensign Howcroft visited the Corps on July 20th and 21st. She conducted the funeral of the young man who took his life in the Hall on July 15th. Sergeant-Major Peacock, of Regina, has also spent a week-end with us.—H. M.

A CROWDED MEETING AT SHELBORNE.

Captain Poole has just said goodbye to the Soldiers and friends of Shelburne, and Captain Jones has succeeded to the command. The Captain is full of zeal, in spite of the hot weather. Captain B. Turner, of Halifax, conducted last Sunday's meetings. He is always a welcome visitor, and the last Sunday night meeting was so well attended that those who came late had to sit in the aisles or remain outside. One soul knelt at the mercy seat.—M. Ensor.

Riverdale.—Adjutant and Mrs. McElhenny were in command during the week-end July 31st and August 1st. On Friday and Saturday a sale of work was held. The Territorial Y. P. Band lent special interest to the Friday night's programme, the marches and selections being rendered with great precision. On Sunday morning several new comrades were welcomed. The Adjutant also announced that his farewell had been postponed till August 15th. The Ed Bible Class was held in the afternoon, and at night a salvation meeting.

Pembroke.—Lieut. Trium, late of Kemptville, arrived here on Friday to take charge, and in spite of wet weather, God has wonderfully blessed our week-end meetings. Saturday night's meeting closed with a singer and a backslidder at the cross. Sunday's meetings were very well attended, finances were good, and, best of all, two precious souls left the Hall much happier than when they came in, having sought and found salvation. Hallelujah!—E. Austin, Lieut.

Four persons sought a clean heart at the Temple on Sunday morning, August 1st. Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall were in command all day. Adjutant Harphey assisted with his skillful banjo accompaniments. Welcomes were extended to two new Bandsmen and three Songsters. Two souls claimed pardon at night.

What We Should Do.

An Exhortation to Holiness of Life, by Morley L. Start, of Williston, Alberta.

(Continued from last week.)

The little Bishop Taylor tells in one of his books of how the first years of his street preaching in San Francisco, rough, drunken men sought to break up his meetings. He could have subdued them with physical force, and have made them his enemies, but he adopted more gentle methods, and so made them his friends. If we are loving and gentle towards others, our own lives and characters will be enriched, while even the rude and turbulent will yield to the power of gentleness. We remember the words taught us at our mother's knee:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."
an' so, if we would be meek and gentle, let us come into closer contact with the meek and lowly Jesus, and then we too can say with one of old, "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

Let Us Be Watchful.

How necessary it is for us as Christians to be ever on our guard. Just as the mariner on the seas must keep a watch out ahead and continually consult his compass, just as the engineer on the fast flying train must not relax his vigilance a moment if he would avoid danger and disaster, so must we in the journey of life be ever vigilant and watchful if we would avoid the perils in our way, and finish our course in safety. How necessary it is for us to heed the words of the Master, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Let Us Be Patient.

How much need there is for us to exercise patience in the common affairs of every day life? How many by impatience and fretfulness destroy their own happiness and the happiness of others?

In writing to the church at Philadelphia John says, "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation."

Is it not true that we yield more easily to temptation when we become impatient and fretful, while we resist more easily when, under the most trying circumstances, we remain patient and calm. Especially do we need to exercise patience in dealing with the unconvinced. If we do not see immediate results we are apt to lose hope and become discouraged, but think of God's patience in dealing with us, and so let us patiently and persistently labor on, believing that in due time "we shall reap if we faint not."

Let Us Be Consistent.

If we do not practice what we preach we may be sure our words will count for but little with those who hear them. Truly the poet has said, "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

Let Us Be Thoughtful.

Not speaking rashly words that afterwards we shall regret having used. Let us take time to store our minds with pure and holy thoughts. In the words of the Apostle, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if

there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Especially is it necessary for us to be thoughtful in our testimonies. There are many in our public testimonies who get into a rut and never seem to get out of it. With no sign of mental or spiritual development in their utterances, night after night their testimonies are invariably the same. There are others who by preparation and from a well-stored mind and deep spiritual experience always give a testimony that affords both pleasure and profit to all who hear them.

Let Us Be Industrious.

It is a true saying if an old one, that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." "About all labor," says Thomas Carlyle, "were it but true hand labor there is a certain amount of divineness." Our Saviour himself, by his life in Nazareth, gave an added dignity to honest toil. If it is necessary for men to be industrious in order that they may succeed in the business world, is it not just as necessary for us to put forth increasing effort to succeed in the spiritual? Therefore, let us "labor on, spend and be spent, our joy to do the Master's will."

Let Us Be Progressive.

Just as the stream that ceases to flow becomes stagnant, or the tree that fails to bring forth bud and leaf, dead and barren, so we too will become dead and fruitless if we fail to make advancement in the Christian life.

"Glory of warrior, glory of statesman, glory of song—
But the greatest of glories is the glory of going on."

Above All, Let Us Be Good!

A dear Officer whose life has been a blessing to many in the western provinces always in parting with her comrades said, "Now, be good!" How much it means to be just simply good? What higher tribute can be paid to anyone than this? "He is a good man." "She is a good woman."

After all, comrades, it is character that counts, and not the most gifted speaking or sweetest songs or fervid prayers will avail if we do not possess this quality in our own hearts and lives. Therefore, that we may be possessed of the highest form of goodness let us come into closest personal relationship with Him who while here on earth "went about doing good."

Brigadier and Mrs. Morehen were with us at Summerside on July 12th. A memorial service for Ensign Brace was held on Sunday. The Hall was filled, and many tears were shed, and all who spoke spoke well of Ensign Brace. We have succeeded in reaching our Self-Desired target.—Ava Wilson.

Last Wednesday at Cranbrook we had the Juniors' Demonstration. The Hall was full, and everybody enjoyed the service.

The visit of our P. O.'s Major and Mrs. Morris, was a great inspiration. They enrolled two promising Soldiers.—W. C. C.

THE GENERAL.

(Continued from page 8.)

But The General showed himself familiar with every phase of an Officer's life and work. His knowledge of the inner life of those present, the temptations they have to face, the trials and perplexities that fall to their lot, and the difficulties which they have to encounter and overcome, was indeed encyclopedic.

These Councils were in themselves a liberal education in the principles which govern us and in the great rock-bottom truths for which we fight and upon which The Army is founded.

But the Councils were more than educational. They were rich in spiritual blessing, and an inspiration to all who took part in them, and an encouragement to those who have at heart the interests of the Kingdom of God.

Candidates' Campaign.

Major Cameron, Assisted by Capt. Eastwell, will Visit the following Corps in the Interests of Candidates.

HAMILTON I.—Saturday and Sunday, August 14 and 15.

HAMILTON II.—Monday, August 16 (United Meeting).

BRANTFORD—Tuesday, August 17.

PARIS—Wednesday, August 18.

WOODSTOCK—Thursday, August 19.

INGERSOLL—Friday, August 20.

LONDON I.—Saturday and Sunday, 21 and 22.

LONDON II.—Monday, August 23 (United Meeting).

ST. THOMAS—Tuesday, August 24.

RIDGEPORT—Wednesday, August 25.

CHATHAM—Thursday, August 26.

DRESDEN—Friday, August 27.

WINDSOR—Saturday, Sunday, Monday, August 28, 29, 30.

SARNIA—Tuesday, August 31.

PESTROVIA—Wednesday, September 1.

STRATFORD—Thursday, September 2.

GALT—Friday, September 3.

GUELPH—Saturday and Sunday, September 4 and 5.

TEN SOULS AND A WEDDING.

Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor conducted the meetings at No. I. Corps, Toronto, on a recent Sunday, and had a very blessed time, with ten souls added to the saintly form. In the afternoon Captain Townsend's infant son was dedicated to God and The Army. On Monday the Brigadier conducted the wedding ceremony of Treasurer Cresswell and Band of Love Leader Jack. The Hall was crowded.

If you want the earth you'd better hurry up and take it, as the space of time that you can have it, before it takes you, will be very short at the longest.

It does not take much schooling to learn to say "yes" or "no." Yet there are people who have not been able in a lifetime, to learn to say either one of these little words, just at the right time.

Perhaps you cannot tell a dog by its bark, but you can by its bark. But you can never tell a man by his bark or his talk.

Weak minds seem to be the best fields for raising strong words.

Broken confidence is the natural crop of broken promises.

FIGHTING FISH.

An Article dealing with the Cannibalistic Habits of the Cold-Blooded Denizens of the Deep.

DOGS may bite and cats may claw and scratch, but nowhere in domestic animal life do we find the vicious, cold-blooded, cannibalistic qualities that obtain among fish."

So says Louis Wahl in a magazine article. He goes on as follows:

"A fish is born with the set expression which varies very little the whole time of its life; yet, however mild it may appear, it will do



Squids.

dark relentlessly, feasting away on its own relations, until it in turn goes under to a gladiator fish of greater proportions. A curious instance of this is contained in the story of a friend, who, in his Norwegian experiences, notes having hooked a two-ounce trout, wherein a fine fellow of the same breed, four and a half pounds in weight, pounced upon the dainty morsel, and retained such a tenacious hold that he was safely landed without even being hooked.

Where Ocean Tragedies Are Re-enacted.

"It is, however, in good aquarium tanks that more of the mysteries of fish-life become known and noted, and the Brighton Aquarium affords the best examples for illustration. Its tank superintendent, Mr. Wells, has many good stories to tell of the eccentricities of the funny tribe. Little tragedies cooped up within three walls of rock, with a fronting of glass, take place constantly; and, oblivious to prying eyes, the daily life of the ocean is re-enacted, with all its realistic episodes of love and war and hate. Fierce battles take place. There is a victor and a vanquished, and a lady fish in the background; the sandy bottom of the tank is ruffled, and the water is mired with its particles. In vain a watch for a sight of the first blood. Ragged scars and torn flesh hanging in ribbons from the combatants' sides do not send the shiver through on them they ought, for the fight is apparently a bloodless one, and before a blood artery is torn asunder, a clawing, creeping mass grows out of the gloom, a nervous, ribbon-like arm shoots up from it, curls round one of the fighters, drags it down, and hides it in a twist of tentacles. The octopus, for such is the ugly, shaggy-looking mass, fattened consummately, and finally ejects a shapeless mass of crushed bone and scales on to the sand.

How an Octopus Fights.

He will on occasion clutch hold of a lump of rock weighing half a hundredweight, drag it over the ground, and place it before the entrance to a hole in the rocks in which a lobster has gone to sleep after a meal, and thus starve him until he is weak enough to attack and pull to pieces.

If a rival worthy of fighting comes his way, there is much puffing of body and distending of eyes on the part of both; they clutch each other from afar by the end of their tentacles and fib about for hours, then, when he sees an opening, he forces

on a clutch like the clapping of hands, and they fight beak to beak. The end is always one way, one eats the way solidly into the other.

The first octopus, by-the-bye, which was brought to the Aquarium was put in a tank with a dogfish. The companionship was not a happy one, for the dogfish simply looked upon his rival as a good bit of food, and worried him all over the tank, never allowing him to rest in one place for two minutes together. He slipped off the ends of his tentacles one by one, and catching his as he rushed through the water while the impetus of motion was upon him, which rendered him for the time being all but helpless, he caught him in a vital part, and the octopus sank to the bottom, a wriggling, helpless mass, with his sharp and active feet still tugging and tearing away at him, until he had swallowed him almost whole.

The Dogfish and the Eel.

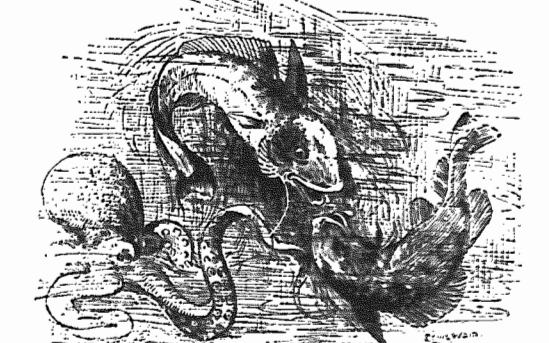
Another nursehound, called the picketed dogfish, invaded the quarters of a conger-eel, and seemed rather blinded by the turbid, slimy surroundings; yet he rushed again and again at his opponent, who, however, did not seem any the worse for the vicious digs made at his slime-covered body, but waited his chance until he got a fair grip under the throat of the dogfish; and when he let go an hour afterward the dogfish was in a sufficiently passive condition to swallow tail first.

The Color of the Eye.

It is not generally known that the eyes of infants are always blue, and that they do not begin to assume their permanent color until the sixth or eighth week. There is, therefore, truth as well as poetry in the statement that babies look about them in "blue-eyed wonder." The wonder may be left to poets and philosophers, but the blue is always a practical fact. It is not uncommon to see different colors in the eyes of the same person, and even in the same eye half of the iris is sometimes brown and the other half blue. There is a popular notion that dark eyes are stronger than light ones. There is no truth in this, except so far as they are better protected against excessive light.

Putting Down White Slave Traffic.

We are glad to note that the following countries and colonies have



Fight between Dog-fish and Octopus.

Another instance of swallowing whole happened when a twenty-eight pound pike was robbed of a dummy morsel by a lesser light of his own species, who snatched some eighteen pounds when first placed in the tank. The big fellow took his smaller companion by surprise while he was in a state of lethargy consequent upon his having to digest his stolen meal, and gulped him down head first. The fight was a vicious one—in fact, one of the most protracted which have ever taken place; but the cruel jaws held tight, and gradually wore out the conquered one, evidence of whose existence remained for a whole week sticking out of the monster's mouth in the form of a tail-end, until even that, too, followed the digested body.

The Lobster and the Crayfish.

Perhaps less showy, but no less vicious, was the combat which forced on a fight to the death between a lobster and a crayfish. The extraordinary quickness of their movements, and the wonderful way in which first one and then the other would get the mastery out of a sudden mêlée made it a fight of warrios. The crayfish lost on many legs on one side, and was bowled over in his lopsided condition, and before he could recover his balance both his eyes were nipped off. The end then came, when the lobster

ripped off the back shell and feasted upon his prize. When his meal was over, he buried the remains, shell and all, in the shingle, and slept the sleep of the just over all that was left of the crayfish, only to wake up a day or two after with an appetite which was no respecter of the grave of the buried crayfish, which he dug up again and finished off. It is so all throughout the tanks; peace reigns until feeding time livens up the pugnacious natures of the cold-blooded denizens of the deep, and even the monster devilfish comes out of the sulks to take in at one gulp dead food and struggling whitings before he settles for the night in his gloomy, slime-covered corner; while crayfish sit in solemn conclave in a division of spoils, which, in their case, is a dead octopus—an easy conquest.

The Color of the Eye.

Thoughts from My Journal.

By Adjutant Thorhildson.

I am no occultist, yet I dare to declare you blind in your colour vision, if you call any kind of a lie a white lie.

It is true that uniform does not make a Salvationist, but also true that other clothes have unmade quite a few of them.

Sarcasm and wit are twins, and as much alike that at times even the parents cannot tell which is which.

It is too bad that your neighbour doesn't come up to your standard, and your neighbour's neighbour does not come up to his.

The grasping meanness of the wise may have something to do with the proverbial parting of the fool and his money.

If you knew as well, even to the smallest detail, what the Lord expects from yourself, as you know what He expects from your neighbour—wouldn't you be posted as to your Christian duties?

Give me the speaker who is always wound up before starting, is no repeater, and stops when run out.

Don't stand in your own way casting "can'ts." And don't sing about "slang," no matter how familiar it may be to you.

Jokes may prove to be boomerangs in your hands. You can always do more and better work with a jokeless point than with a pointless joke.

Sinful pleasure, like pepper, turns after taking.

You will not be able to find standing room between right and wrong, because the very moment either one is revealed to you, decision, or indecision, places you on one side or the other.

Conversion gives us the Word of God, not only in revised, but revised version.

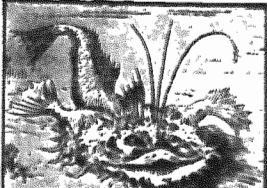
If living to please yourself, please remember, that not one of God's commandments has "if you please" attached to it.

God's Word declares that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and you say that the way of God's people is hard. So, prepare to endure hardness as a good Soldier of Jesus Christ. And waste not your time in seeking the easy way, which according to God's Word and your own declaration, does not exist either on one side or the other.

If dancing disciples, smoking apostles, and drunken saints, are to turn the world upside down, it will certainly be wrong side up.

You may be one of the surviving fittest, and yet not in any way be fit for the Kingdom of God.

To subdue a bad habit by degrees works about the same way as putting out a blazing fire with snow-balls. You may do it, but the chances are that your structure will be consumed before you succeed.



A Fierce-Looking Fish.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The General at Regent Hall.—The General had an enthusiastic reception on Wednesday evening at the historic Regent Hall. During the month the painters and renovators had been in possession, and the old Hall looked gay and smiling in its new dress. The Mayor of Westminster, arrayed in his scarlet robes of office, and a row of distinguished citizens, supported The General. His Worship's eloquent welcome to the City of Westminster was worthy of our great Leader.

The General spoke for upwards of an hour. The impression created by his graphic description of The Salvation Army on his 80th Birthday was worthily reflected in the speeches of one of the Councillors, and Salvation Smith at the close.

Commissioners Coombs and McKie.—It is not often we have the pleasure of welcoming two veteran Commissioners to London during one week. It may readily be expected that the presence of Commissioners Coombs and McKie has meant no small amount of bustle and movement in the Foreign Office. The air is charged with Colonial electricity, and for the time being, the affairs of our great over-sea Colonies are paramount. Commissioner McKie had a great reception at Clapton on Thursday evening. His name still counts for much in London.

Colonel Hammond.—During the past few weeks Colonel Hammond has been closely engaged in making enquiries into the methods and results of the many departments of our Social and Rescue Work in Great Britain. The Colonel's new duties as Inspector will probably take him to many lands, and his present studies are all with the view to preparing himself for his important work. Next week he will be visiting some of the Provinces.

SWEDEN.

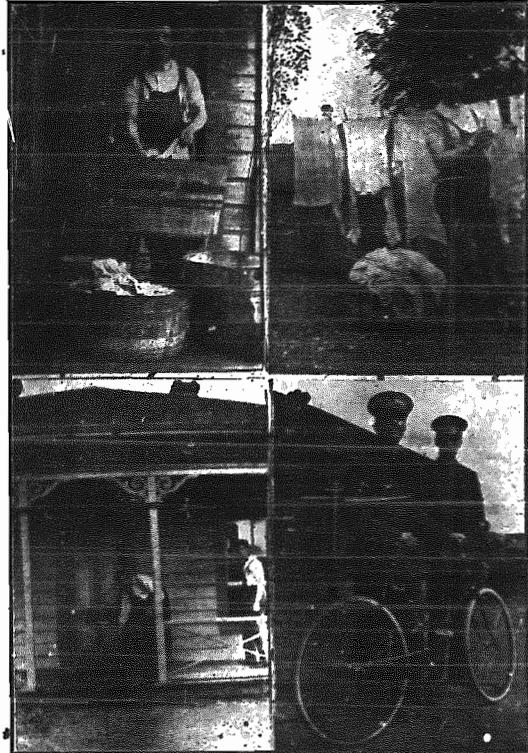
At the conclusion of the Swedish National Congress, the police authorities gave permission for a musical festival to be arranged in one of the Stockholm parks. In spite of unfavourable weather, at least 2,000 people were present. The Swedish Staff Band and the Bands of Stockholm I. and VI. were united on this occasion.

AUSTRALASIA.

About ninety fine young men and women warriors have recently entered the Training Home in Melbourne. Colonel Hookin, the Chief Secretary, conducted a day's spiritual meetings with them shortly after their arrival.

FRANCE.

The 14th of July is the National Fete Day, and the only day in the year when liberty is freely granted for open-air meetings. Our French comrades always take full advantage of such a rare experience. On the recent anniversary, Brigadier Dolapraz, supported by a band of Paris Officers and Soldiers, conducted several meetings amongst the thousands of persons thronging the streets. The "En Avant" was specially printed in the National colours—red, white and blue—and over 1,200 copies were sold in a few hours. The Editor of "En Avant" Adjutant



Captain Roe, of Nanaimo, B. C., sends in the above photographs, and says that The Army is having good times there, and he and his Comrades are working and praying for a big revival. They already see the cloud as a man's hand.

I. Monday morning, Captain Roe makes an early start; II. Pegging away; III. Finishing touches; IV. Captain Roe and Envoy Tim ready for visitation.

Marechal, a valiant woman warrior, visited the ancient city of Relius, and with the assistance of a few comrades, readily disposed of the 500 copies of the paper which she took with her.

INDIA and CEYLON.

This week's mails report a decided improvement in the health of Colonel Yuddha Bai (Bannister), which gives great cause for thankfulness. It is even hoped that she may be able to resume her duties in the course of a few weeks.

SWITZERLAND.

A young married woman, only 29 years of age, was visiting one of the Swiss Corps. The Officer in charge felt strongly impressed that she ought to deal with her earnestly about her soul's salvation, and for this purpose requested her to go for a walk. While passing through a cemetery, the Officer took the opportunity of having some serious conversation on eternal things. The young woman, however, made a careless reply, to the effect that she had no immediate interest in these things, for she wished to enjoy herself while she was young. At the same time she thanked the Officer for dealing so faithfully with her. The next morning, to the horror of the bus-

band, and great grief to all the family, the young woman was found dead in her bed. It fell to the lot of the faithful Officer to prepare the body for burial.

MANCHURIA.

Acting-Commissioner Hodder has gone to Dainy to open a Hall and start the Corps in that town. Over \$500 has been raised in Dainy itself towards the cost of the building.

JAPAN.

A Junior Song Book has just been issued in Japanese at the price of 2 sen, or one cent. Star Cards, with responses on the English model, have also been printed.

CHORUS GIRLS BEGUILED.

Secret Service After the Procurers who Inveigle Them to Panama.

Special agents of the Department of Justice boarded the steamship Orinoco of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's line recently in search for young Americans, who it is declared are being inveigled to go to Panama during the dull theatrical season here by promises of vaudeville engagements, and then find themselves in low resorts. The

agents are anxious to land the procurers who are shipping these girls to the Zone.

The action of the department is based on complaints which recently have been received from Judge Brown, of the Canal Zone, appealing to the Government at Washington and also the police at New York, to put a stop to the practice. Neither any victims nor any of the men who are shipping them were met with in yesterday's search. It is said that the inducement offered the young women, most of whom are of the show girl variety, is \$25 a week salary and transportation both ways.

Captain Cheret, of the Orinoco, said yesterday that on May 1st three young stage women sailed from New York on his ship to take such an engagement, and that it was not until the ship had left Kingston, Jamaica, on its way to Colon, that the young women happened to learn, from a passenger, that the theatre in Panama City, in which they were supposed to appear, was not a respectable place. The three then appealed to Captain Cheret and asked him what they should do.

They had no money, having depended entirely on the promises of the "agent" who had engaged them.

At Colon the captain took the three to The Salvation Army Headquarters and put them in the Hall in charge of a chaperon, where they were until the steamship Tagus, of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, came along from Cartagena, Colombia, and they returned to New York on this ship.

Police headquarters for some time has been interested in the matter of girls and young women being taken to the Zone. At the present time Detectives Griffin and Kesselmark are in Ecuador in charge of a prisoner arrested there named Ellen or Helen Spencer, who is under indictment here for the kidnapping of three girls from New York on May 1st. The young women returned to New York, and one of them, Marie Nevins, of 49 West Twenty-seventh Street, made a complaint against the Spencer woman. On the request of the New York police the woman was arrested in the Canal Zone, and the two detectives were sent down to bring her back, but before they got to the Isthmus she had escaped from custody, and next was heard of in Ecuador, where she was again arrested.—New York Sun.

SAVED AT KNEE-DRILL.

Dovercourt.—Adjutant and Mrs. Mercer led the meetings on Sunday, August 1st. Adjutant Cooper assisted during the day. A woman, who came into the Hall during knee-drill got well saved. In the afternoon Sergt.-Major Heard farewelled from that position, and Brother Mowat was commissioned as Corps Sergeant-Major at night. The Open-air Brigades did good service on Sunday night. Brother Neill read the lesson, and much conviction was evident. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Burrows, of the U.S.A. were visitors during the day.

At Brockville we had a glorious weekend, and a wind-up over two souls. The crowds were grand, and the collections away up. Captain and Mrs. Barber are leading us to victory.—Corps Com.



POGASELSKY THE JEW.

AND HOW HE FOUND THE MESSIAH.

A Fascinating Story of Jewish Life, and Travel and Adventure in Many Lands.

CONTINUED



What Happened to the Ship that sailed out of port on a Sunday.

Chapter XXV.

HAVING now related how Herman found the Messiah, we will proceed to tell of his further adventures as a Christian sailor, for he still went to sea, though he was a married man. A first Marion tried to persuade him to settle down in Tvedstrand and work at some employment that would not necessitate him going away from her, but he soon grew dissatisfied on shore and began to long for his old life at sea again.

He was no longer the drunken, Godless wretch who had sailed to Constantinople and back, however. He was now a new creature in Christ Jesus, and he soon found plenty of work to do aboard ship for his new Master.

At the same time he proved the truth of Paul's words, that "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

The sailors did not know what to make of a man who prayed and read the Bible instead of drinking and swearing, and they promptly came to the conclusion that Herman was a bit crazy, and treated him accordingly.

The officers of the ship also had the same opinion, and set him to do all the hardest and dirtiest work they could, to try and cure him. The cheerfulness with which he went about his tasks, however, surprised them, as did the patience he manifested under their continued insults.

"Hero, you," said the first mate one day, "go and paint the ball on the top of the mainmast."

Herman scrambled up the mast, and did as he was directed.

The mate then set him to work at painting the mizzen mast, and then the foremast, and kept him hard at it all day. Next day he started him on painting the cabin, and to Herman's surprise, he offered to assist him. As they were painting away side by side, the mate suddenly said,

"What kind of a man are you?"

"I am a German," said Herman.

"Yes, I know that," said the mate, "but I mean what church do you belong to?"

"The Scotch Free Church," replied Herman.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the mate, "then you're one of the crazy folks. Do you know that the government is going to pass a law to chase you people out of Norway?"

"You are telling lies," said Herman.

This made the mate very angry, and he began to scoff at religion until Herman wished he was a hundred miles away.

When Herman prayed that night he told the Lord that he couldn't stay on that ship any longer, as the mate was set on making his life unbearable.

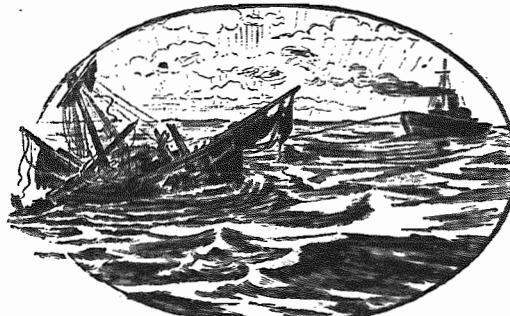
He did not feel easy in his conscience over his resolution, however, and that night he had a vision which caused him to alter his mind. He dreamed that he was in a dance house, and that the devil was by his side.

"Ha, ha," said the devil, "nice place this for a Christian to come. You had better have a drink now that you are here, and join in the merriment."

"No, no," cried Herman, "I have done with all that sort of thing."

"Oh, but your presence here is a sure sign that you have backslidden," said the devil, "so come on and have a good time."

"Yes, come and drink a glass of whiskey with us," said one of the company. "You might just as well



The wrecked ship followed in the wake of the steamer.

take it, for you are as bad as us now."

Herman began to really believe that he had backslidden, and so he took hold of the glass they offered him and tried to raise it to his lips. Suddenly he dashed the glass down, and said, "No, I do not want to drink it." Then the scene vanished, and he saw a band of bright angels approaching. They were singing, and these were the words he heard:

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly."

Then it seemed as if the Lord Himself appeared to him, and said, "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; fear not what man shall do unto thee."

Herman then awoke, and in thinking over his remarkable dream, came to the conclusion that God had spoken to him and commanded him to stay aboard the ship. If he did not obey he plainly saw that he would soon become a backslidden. He then knelt down and promised God that he would stay at his post and be more zealous than ever in striving to win souls.

A few days later, whilst lying asleep in his bunk, he was rudely awakened by someone shaking him. It was the first mate, and he was trembling visibly.

"Oh, Herman," he said, "I want you to pray for me. I am a big sinner."

Gladly Herman prayed for his former enemy, while the mate sobbed like a child.

Then Herman knew why it was that the Lord wanted him to stay on board that ship, and he was glad that he had won the victory over temptation.

The next ship that Herman sailed on was bound for Barcelona with a load of lumber. The voyage, in Herman's opinion, at an rate, began badly, for the skipper insisted on sailing out of port on Sunday.

"It is not right," said Herman.

"And I believe that God will punish you for it."

He was only laughed at.

"Ah, I thought we would never reach Barcelona," he said to himself. He had no time for further thought, however, for the water was pouring into the ship through a big hole in the bow, while her timbers were cracking and groaning as if threatening to come apart every minute. The ship that had crashed into them now drew off and disappeared in the fog, and they were left alone in a sinking condition.

Something desperate had to be done if the lives of the crew were to be saved, and so the captain ordered that the anchor chain should be passed around the ship in order to keep it together, and that the foremast and mizzen mast should be cut and toppled overboard.

This was done, and then the ship lay helplessly in the same position all night, only kept from foundering by the lumber by which she was loaded.

When day broke a steamer was sighted, the captain of which, seeing the pitiable condition of the lumber ship, signalled that he would take

however, as a religious crank.

The ship had not got far before a slight accident happened. In hauling up a boat, the rope broke, and some little damage was done.

"It is a bad start," said Herman. "Far better wait till to-morrow, for I am sure we will not reach our destination any the quicker by sailing out of port on Sunday."

The skipper persisted in going out, however, and so on sailed the ship. All went well till the next Sunday. The ship was now in the North Sea, and making good progress, and danger seemed far away. Suddenly a sailing vessel veered out of her course and crashed right into the lumber ship, breaking her jibboom. That was the second mishap, and it happened on the second Sunday. All went well again for another week, and the third Sunday passed by without anything happening. Towards night, however, a heavy fog settled down over the English Channel, and an extra careful watch had to be kept.

At midnight it was Herman's turn to act as lookout man. As he was going to his post, the mate called to him:

"Go into the galley," he said, "start a fire, and make some coffee for me."

"But who will do lookout duty?" said Herman.

"Oh, I'll watch for you," said the mate.

So Herman went to the galley, started a fire, and then commenced to make some coffee.

Suddenly he heard a big crash, as if twenty guns had gone off, and the ship reeled over on her side like a drunken creature. Rushing out on deck, he saw the masts of another ship, loosening up dimly out of the fog, and realized that a collision had occurred.

"Ah, I thought we would never reach Barcelona," he said to himself. He had no time for further thought, however, for the water was pouring into the ship through a big hole in the bow, while her timbers were cracking and groaning as if threatening to come apart every minute.

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This was done, and then the ship lay helplessly in the same position all night, only kept from foundering by the lumber by which she was loaded.

When day broke a steamer was sighted, the captain of which, seeing the pitiable condition of the lumber ship, signalled that he would take

all the crew off if they were willing to leave the wreck.

"Don't disgrace the ship, men," said the Norwegian captain, "let us stick to her to the last."

So it was decided unanimously that the crew would not abandon their vessel. Probably, however, they were influenced in their decision by the consideration that if they had all left their ship, the captain of the steamer would have claimed her as salvage.

So the steamer went on her way, and left them helplessly tossing about at the mercy of the waves. Before many hours had passed another steamer hove in sight, and the same offer was made to the shipwrecked crew. They still refused, however, though they were all desperately hungry, and all their provisions were spoiled by the sea water. The captain of this second steamer, when he learned this, sent them a supply of biscuits and dried salmon, for which they were very grateful. As they would not come on board the steamer, he refused to take their ship in tow, though offered a large sum of money for doing so. He also was after the salvage.

He left them, therefore, but had not gone very far before he came across another steamer, and turning his steamer round again, offered to tow the disabled vessel to the nearest port.

This offer was gladly accepted, and Herman was told off to steer the ship, as he followed in the wake of the steamer. He found it a difficult job, for two reasons. First, the ship was very low in the water; second, the steamer towed so hard. This resulted in the waves rushing over the blinder part of the ship, and very soon poor Herman was standing up to his waist in water, valiantly struggling to control the wheel. A signal had to be given, therefore, for the steamer to slacken her speed, and after that it was not so bad. They reached a port in safety, and after laying there three weeks, the ship was towed to Portsmouth to be repaired. And so it came to pass that Herman's prediction came true, for the ship did not reach her destination any the quicker by sailing out of port on a Sunday.

(To be continued.)

"He'll Do."

Throughness Succeeds.

"He'll do," said a gentleman, decisively, speaking of an office boy who had been in his employ but a single day.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he gives himself up so entirely to the task in hand. I watched him while he swept the office, and, although a procession with three or four bags bands it went by the office while he was at work, he paid no attention to them. And so, if the sweeping of that office was the only share of any consequence on this earth of the task. Then I set him to addressing some envelopes, and, although there were a lot of picture papers and other other papers on the desk at which he sat, he paid no attention to them, but kept right on addressing these envelopes until the last one of them was done. He'll do, because he is thorough, and in dead earnest about everything."

You may naturally be a very smart person; you may be so good that you can do almost anything; but all that you do will lack perfection if you do not do it with all your heart and strength.—American T. S.

Defeated is a disease.

The hardest rock is made of the softest mud.



I want you to pray for me.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success

We Were Never in a Better Position to Take Care of Our Patrons Wants and Wishes.

Tailoring Opportunities.

A Suit Well Worth \$14.50 for \$12.80.

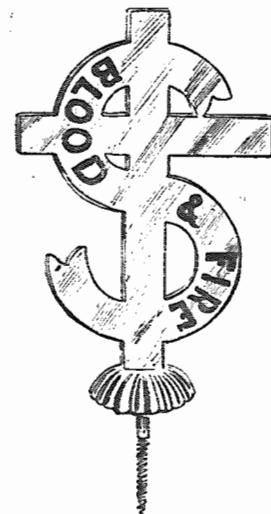
Pants Well Worth \$4.75 for \$3.80.

WHY THIS REDUCTION?

By taking advantage of a combination of circumstances, we are in a position to give these prices, which are without doubt an opportunity of a life time.

THE GOODS ARE OUR OWN IMPORTATION, FAST DYE AND RELIABLE. OUR WORKMANSHIP CANNOT BE BEAT.

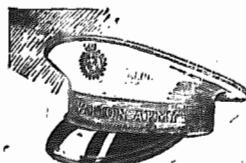
Samples and Measurement Forms on Application.



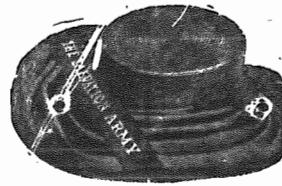
New Flag Pole Heads

Beautifully finished and polished. In Solid brass, with the words, "Blood and Fire" in red letters. Height 7½ inches. Price, \$1.75 each, net. Silver Plated, price \$2.50 each, net.

A NEW CONSIGNMENT OF SUMMER HATS and CAPS



Men's Summer Cap



Regulation Army



Men's Reg. Cap

Ladies' Summer Hats, Split Straw, trimmed dark blue silk, sizes 4, 5 and 6.....	\$1 75	Men's Summer Caps, white Duck, lined, red silk band and crest.....	\$1 25
Ladies' Summer Hats, Chip Straw, trimmed dark blue, roll of silk under brim, sizes 4, 5 and 6.....	\$2 75	Privates' Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest.	\$2 00
Ladies' Summer Hats, Canton Straw, trimmed dark blue, roll of silk under brim, sizes 4, 5 and 6.....	\$4 00	Bandsmen's Regulation Cap, red silk band, crest.	\$2 25
		F. O.'s Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest..	\$2 25

A Full Line of DRESS GOODS Just to Hand.

Dark Navy Blue Cashmere, 44 in. wide, per yd.. \$0 65

Dark Navy Blue Serge, 48 in. wide, per yd..... \$1 00

Dark Navy Blue Lustre, 46 in. wide, per yd..... \$1 00

Dark Navy Blue Cravenette, 60 inches wide, per yd..... \$1 40

Red Cashmere, 44 in. wide, per yd. \$0 85

Samples on Application.

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.

A STRIKING EVENT!

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tune—Austria.

1 Full salvation! full salvation!
Lo! the fountain open wide,
Streams through every land and
nation.

From the Savlour's wounded side,
Full salvation, streams an endless
crimson tide.

Oh, the glorious revelation,
See the cleansing current flow,
Washing strains of condemnation
Whiter than the driven snow;
Full salvation, oh the rapturous
bliss to know.

Tunes—Euphony, B.B., 116; Stella,
B.B., 120.

2 O God, what offering shall I
give?

To Thee, the Lord of earth and
skies?

My soul, my life, all my receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst Thou have if I had
more.

Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's
might,

Since I am called by Thy great
name;

In Thee let all my thoughts unite,

Of all my works be Thou the aim;

Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole oisness be Thy praise!

War and Testimony.

Tune—“The Day of Victory’s Com-
ing,” 97.

3 Fight on, fight on for Jesus, ye
soldiers of the Cross!

Lift high His royal banner—it must
not suffer loss.

From victory unto victory, His Army
shall He lead

781 every foe is vanquished, and
Christ is Lord indeed

Chorus.

The day of victory’s coming,

Fight on, fight on for Jesus’ Stand

In His strength alone;

The arm of flesh will fail; you—ye
dare not trust your own.

Put on salvation’s armor, and, watch-
ing unto prayer,

Where duty calls or danger, be
never wanting there!

Tune—He pardoned a rebel, 238, Bb
& C; New Song-Book, No. 297.

4 I heard of a Saviour whose love
was so great,

That He laid down His life on the
tree;

The thorns they were pierced on His
beautiful brow.

To pardon a rebel like me,

Chorus.

He pardoned a rebel like me, like me.

Oh, that love so amazing, it broke
my hard heart!

And brought me, dear Jesus, to
Thee;

And I know, when I came, Thou
didst not cast me out,

But didst pardon a rebel like me.

Oh, 'tis true, that poor sinners of all
kinds He saves!

And you He will not cast away;

He waits in His mercy sweet peace
to bethow,

So come to the Fountain to-day,

Salvation.

Tunes—Oh, wash me now, 12;
Rocked in the cradle, 14; Song-
Book, No. 31.

5 Behold Me standing at the
door,
And hear Me pleading ever
more

With gentle voice: Oh, heart of sin,
May I come in; may I come in?

I waited the cruel thorns for thee,
I waited long and patiently;

The American
National Staff Band

WILL VISIT TORONTO AS FOLLOWS:

RIVERDALE—(Welcome Meeting)—Thursday, August 26th,
at 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, August 27th—This Magnificent Band (30 pieces)
will give a great Musical Demonstration in the
Temple at 8 p.m. This will be a treat that no one
can afford to miss. Admission by ticket 15c. (Child-
ren 10c.) Reserved Seats (a limited number) 25c.,
to be had of any City Officer.

COLONEL MCINTYRE WILL ACCOMPANY THE BAND.

THE DATES

FOR THE

HARVEST FESTIVAL EFFORT

HAVE BEEN FIXED FOR

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY

Sept. 18th, 19th, 20th & 21st, inclusive.

Say, weary heart, opprest with sin,
May I come in, may I come in?

I would not plead with thee in vain;
I remember all My grief and pain!
I failed to ransom thee from sin;
May I come in, may I come in?

Tune—Shall you? Shall I?

6 A light came out of darkness,
No light, no hope had we,
Till Jesus came from Heaven,
Our light, our hope to be.
Oh, as I read the story,
From birth to dying cry,
A longing fills my spirit
To meet Him by and by.

Chorus.

Shall you, shall I, meet Jesus by
and by?

How tender his compassion,
How loving was his call,
How earnest his entreaty,
To shun one and all,
He would and won them to His
By love, and that is why
I long to be like Jesus,
And meet Him by and by.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We earnestly pray for missing persons in any part of the globe,
whether lost at sea, or in the interior of continents, or in
countries, or regions in deserts. All these Commissioners have
the knowledge, and can furnish the names of persons who have
disappeared. In case a report is made of a missing child, it is
desirable that the parents or guardians should apply to the
nearest post office, which should be sent with the report. Officers
of the post office are requested to look regularly through
this column and notify the parents or guardians of any information
about persons mentioned.

Second Insertion.

7309. PENNY, J. G. Age 46;
height 5ft., 10in.; black eyes and
hair, and sallow complexion. Last
known address, 553 Syndicate Ave.,
Fort William. Missing since last
October. News wanted.

7306. EUSTACE, MR., known as
“JIM.” Came to Canada four years
ago. Short in stature; dark comple-
xion; sharp features; dark hair. Last
heard of in Moose Jaw, Sask. Family
very anxious. Information would be
gratefully received.

7308. McNICOL, JAMES. Hails
from Glasgow, Scotland. Age about

27 years; height 5ft., 8in.; dark hair;
deep set, large blue eyes; clean
shaven; wiry build. Last heard of
December 30th, 1905. Friends very
anxious.

7316. CAMERON, GEORGE E. Last
heard of July, 1907, was then in Cal-
gary. Then talked of going to Ed-
monton or Vancouver. Any informa-
tion would be gladly received by his
wife.

7331. PEALLING, GETRA. fair complexion.
Left Campbellford four years
ago, for Rochester. Married one George Bar-
don. Supposed to have left him
two years ago. She is now 25
years old, about 5ft. 8in.; red
hair; greyish-blue eyes, and
fair complexion. Aunt enquires.
American Cry please copy. (See
photo.)

7336. JOHNSON, MALENE. Danish. About 41 year of age; medium
height; dark hair, blue eyes. Mar-
ried Icelander named Johnas Johnson.
Last heard of in March, 1906. Ad-
dress then given was 119 Post Office,
Mind oha Cal. Supposed to have
moved some where near Lake Mani-
toba. Mother enquires.

7320. BLONDIN, WM. ARTHUR.
Married. Age 34; height 5ft., 8in.;
brown hair and eyes. Landed in
Quebec on S.S. “Cortisian” May 29th,
1909. Kindly communicate with
Missing Department, S. A. Temple,
Albert Street, Toronto.

7329. OLSON, ANTON MARTIN.
Norwegian. Age 41; stout; blond
hair and blue eyes. Last known ad-
dress, Neepson Construction Co.,
Leona Camp, Neepson, Ontario. Was
engaged in railway construction.
Wife very anxious for news.

7335. DOBNOR, ARTHUR. Age 49;
height 5ft., 8in.; fresh complexion;
gardener or farmer. Last address
given, Crandall P. O., Manitoba, Can.
Any information would be thankfully
received.

7339. MINNICE, JOHN, or HED-
TOR. Age 39; height 5ft., 8in.

dark brown hair and eyes; fair
complexion. Went through South
African War. Left Glasgow for Can-
ada, six years ago. Mother who is
tailing in health, desires to hear from
him.

7346. MILLAR, GEORGE. Age 30;
medium height; brown hair; grey
eyes; dark complexion; farmer. Was
sent to Canada sixteen years ago
when a lad of fourteen, from Don-
aldo's Home in Ednborough. His
brother John enquires.

7346. BUSH, JOHN. Married. Age
between 50 and 55; medium height;
Roman Catholic. Was a waiter at
the Hamilton Hotel, Hamilton, Ont.
Thought to have gone to Brooklyn,
New York. Left Bristol some 20 or
25 years ago. Entitled to legacy. A
Bush, cousin, enquires.

7350. ANDERSON, ANDREW, or
ANDREAS. Norwegian. About 38
years old; light complexion; robust;
short. Was last heard of, January,
1908; was working at Fairbank Baking
Co., Fairbanks, Alaska. Family
is anxious to hear of him.

WANTED FOR THE
KING'S SERVICE

Young Men and Women.

A number of consecrated young men
and women are wanted for the next
Session of Training, which commences
September 16th. If you have not yet
sent in your Application for Officership,
do it today. Write your D.O.P.O., etc.

LIEUT-COLONEL SOUTHLAND,
S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

LIEUT-COLONEL GASKIN,
(Field Secretary)
will visit
BELLEVILLE, on August, 12th.

BRIGADIER ADDY
THE SINGING EVANGELIST,
will visit
OTTAWA I.—August 10 to 23.
OTTAWA II.—August 24 to 30.
MONTREAL II.—August 31 to Sept.
9.
MONTREAL I.—Sept. 10 to 23.

MAJOR HAY
will conduct Camp Meetings at
Guelph, August 7th, to 18th.

LIEUT-COLONEL TURNER
and the
New Aberdeen Splendid Brass Band
will visit
STELLARTON—Wednesday, August
11.
SYDNEY—Thursday, August 12.

T. F. & APPOINTMENTS.

Captain MANNION, East Ont. Prov.—
Carlton Place, August, 10, 11;
Kemptville, August, 12, 13; Smiths
Falls, August, 14-16; Perth, Aug.
17, 18; Tweed, August, 19, 20; Peter-
boro, August, 21, 22; Port Hope, Aug.
23, 24; Millbrook, August, 25; Co-
lourough, August, 26, 27; Trenton, Aug.
28, 29; Campbellford, August, 30, 31.

Captain BACKUS—Eastern Province—
Halifax II., Aug. 12; Windsor, Aug.
13-15; Wolfville, Aug. 16; Kentville,
Aug. 17-19; Bridgewater, Aug. 20-22;
Annapolis, Aug. 22-25.

Captain LLOYD—West Ont. Prov.—
New Liskeard, Aug. 10, 11; Elk Lake,
Aug. 12-14; St. George, Aug. 15, 16.

Capt. GILKISON—Eastern Prov.—
Truro, August 12, 13; New
Glasgow, Aug. 14-17; Inverness, Aug.
18, 19; Port Hood, Aug. 20; New
Bay Pier, Aug. 21-23.